

Vo'. XIV



THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1905

No. 48.

THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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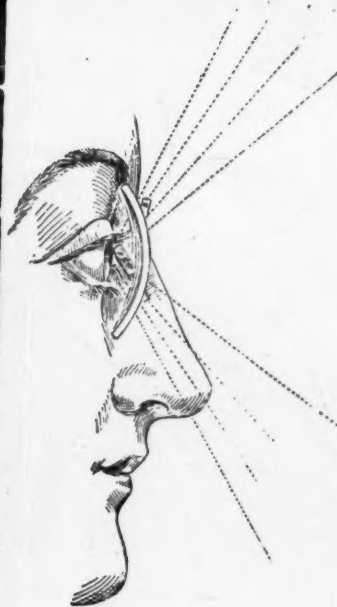
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The Mirror

VOL. XIV—No. 48

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1905

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

THE MIRROR

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10th AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, Payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

London Anglo-American Exchange
3 Northumberland Ave.
Munich Zeitungs-Pavillon am Karplatz
Florence B. Seeber, 20 via Thornabuoni
Venice Zanco, Ascensione
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Clean Out the Soul-Stealers' Hell-Hole

By W. M. R.

REPEAL the Breeders' Law.

Break up the gang that makes loafers, thieves, burglars, murderers out of honest men.

The Cella-Adler-Tilles bunch—politically fathered and fostered by Harry B. Hawes—makes inmates of bagnios, keeps the jail, workhouse and penitentiary filled, and all the courts working overtime.

Mr. Hawes' CAT is the greatest feeder of the bankruptcy court, the divorce court, the police court, and even the juvenile court, for the race fiend's children are thrown on the State's mercy.

The Cella-Adler-Tilles crowd helps to keep the coroner busy, too, what with men killed in burglaries attempted to raise funds to play the ponies and with the hurry of poor souls to leave the world after losing all, including honor, against the race game.

All this has flourished under the protection of the President of the Jefferson Club and the late President of the Police Board, and under his "legal" advice, while he blabs and babbles of pure government in the columns of the *Republic*—the only newspaper that says a word for the hell-hole at Fourth and Pine and the soul-stealers who run the joint.

The *Post-Dispatch* has shown the public the moral workings of this syndicate's business. The *Chronicle* is proving or prepared to prove that Mr. Hawes' proteges not only run a bucket-shop, three race tracks, protect hand-books, maintain a gambling den in the county, but runs a factory for the making of swindling lay-outs, crooked roulette wheels, craps tables with devices which prevent the house from losing, and it may yet prove that these gentry had a share in the "Girl in Blue" performances in the county and in the "villages" in which girls plied the oldest profession of women with knock-out drops, pocket-picking and short-change as side issues, during the World's Fair period.

All that has flourished under the protection of the Breeders' Law and the legal if not moral support of the head of the police force and the ruling genius of the city's greatest Democratic club. All this has been strengthened by Hawes in putting the tools of Cella-Adler-Tilles in the State Senate and House of Representatives, in the House of Delegates, in the Democratic City Central Committee—and, even, it is suspected, by attempting to land a Cella-Adler-Tilles man on the bench.

The graft of these friends and proteges and clients of Hawes ran up into millions. The members of the syndicate have piled up wealth until they ranked as important financial factors and were "participants" in the great bank and trust company promotions and flotations. The law that fostered them, and of which Mr. Hawes as lobbyist prevented the repeal, is a fraud, a fake, a false pretense. It makes the State a partner in the manufacture of criminals by wholesale. The law that has made these men powerful has corrupted the entire city and the commonwealth of Mis-

souri. It has been the shelter for the establishment of such a Vice Trust as this country has never known, a Vice Trust that had the strongest voice in the selection of officials to administer the laws.

This law must be repealed. It will be repealed. Then the bucket-shop law must be amended making the conduct of such establishments a felony and the proprietors must be prosecuted. This Vice Trust under a corporation name runs the biggest bucket-shop in the country, and not only that, but forces every smaller bucket-shop in the city to do business through its offices. The bucket-shop is a clear gambling swindle. It goes well with the racing game, crooked craps, brace faro and roulette and no-chance "drop-cases" and chuck-a-luck. The Cella-Adler-Tilles crowd must be put out of all the "business" it has made so profitable.

And with the CAT must go its political tools and sponsors, even if they stagger to oblivion talking pure government. All the soul-stealers must go—whether they be ex-fence keepers or their attorneys and lobbyists. The gang poisons the atmosphere and pollutes all the springs of civic life.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Folk and the Future.

G LAMIS thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: Yet do I fear thy
nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet would wrongly win; thou'dst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries "Thus must thou do, if thou'd have
it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither.
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Yes; Governor he is, and shall be President if he listen to ambition whispering at his ear, even with the lips of Bryan who graced the function of his inauguration. Mr. Folk has nothing to fear but this ambition, which tends to o'erleap itself and makes of

the best character what *Macbeth's* lady divines in the subtle speech above. All things look bright and of natural leading towards the highest, but Birnam wood doth come to Dunsinane and defeat befalls the fairest promising logic of aspiration, even though through oppositions of those "being of no woman born."



Local Democracy's Chance.

WITH the defeat of Mr. Kerens for the Senatorship in the Republican legislative caucus looms up a hitherto obscured hope of Democratic success in the coming spring election. The Kerens following is sore, and the Kerens following in St. Louis is a large enough element in the Republican party to swing the election to the opposition by a concerted defection. While Mr. Niedringhaus' friends are jubilant, they are not the majority in the party in this city, and the disgruntled Kerens men are known to be energetic political hustlers. The triumph of Mr. Niedringhaus seems to presage the nomination of Otto F. Stifel for Mayor. Mr. Stifel is a popular representative of the brewery interest. He has a manner that enables him to make friends. He doesn't care for money and will spend it freely. He is a candidate who will appeal with much force to the liberal element in the community, while not being offensive to the conservative business sentiment. But while all this is true, it is a fact that Mr. John A. Talty, formerly circuit judge, has long been active in lining up the committeemen and other ward workers in his behalf and has built up quite a formidable strength for himself, against which the suggestion of Mr. Franklin Ferriss as a Mayoralty candidate has availed but little. The ward men will not relish being turned down or made to knuckle under for Mr. Stifel in accordance with the supposed view of the caucus choice for United States Senator. That Mr. Niedringhaus is not such a satisfactory choice to the Republicans here is shown by the rather lukewarm reception of his candidacy by both the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Star*. They are complimentary, but perfunctorily so. They had other hopes—the *Star* for Mr. Kerens and the *Globe-Democrat* for Mr. Dyer. With Mr. Niedringhaus in power they will not be consulted much in politics, and they are not going to make it possible by their aid to render Mr. Niedringhaus invincible. They are likely to view with complacency any sulking upon the part of the Kerens following and to connive at anything calculated to shake the Niedringhaus strength by obstructing its programme. Mr. Stifel may be opposed by a large element in the Republican party that will look with dislike upon the candidacy of a brewer. This attitude of hostility to a man because of his business may not be very sensible, but it is a fact of the situation and has to be reckoned with in estimating the tendency of present conditions in the party. Mr. Talty looks pretty good to many of the workers, and if he should be thrown over that will mean that those who have been with him will be left completely out of participation in the spoils in the event of an election. With such a feeling present in the party, and with the natural resentment of the Kerens following working along the same line of opposition to Mr. Niedringhaus and Mr. Stifel, it is easy to see that Republican dissatisfaction will attain proportions justifying a hope for Democratic success. The Democrats are pretty badly split up from various causes, but the sores may be healed, in view of the condition of the enemy, by a judicious policy upon the part of Mr. Folk and those who have been fighting him. If all the Democratic leaders who have been discredited for one reason or another are put aside and the party

allowed to choose a candidate—the party as distinct from the bosses in secret council—a man who can be elected may be nominated. A man distasteful to no faction could possibly be chosen. He need not be conspicuously a Butler man, a Hawes man, or a Stuever man or a Folk man. A man who would satisfy the business element and who would be acceptable to the workers as not holding out the prospect of a frost in the event of their calling upon him for small political favors after election would poll the party vote. The old leaders who have made bad breaks for revenge, or have made unfortunate alliances with evil interests for temporary advantage, could be sidetracked without difficulty and the campaign managed by a committee that would ignore past quarrels and concentrate the energy now wasted in factional strife upon effort for the party. If the Republicans are to be divided, as seems most probable, it will be easy for the Democrats to get together and nominate a man who would keep them together. The Folk boards of police commissioners and election commissioners will at least be not hostile to the nominee, and if the leaders and their grudges and special interests be set aside, the party should come out strong. A good candidate on a good platform that will mean something has a chance to-day at least twenty per cent better than would have been the case a week ago. The Republican split is great enough to offset Democratic dissension, and with Democrats in control of the State boards and the leaders choked off their grips upon one another's throats, the Democracy will have a chance. The party must, however, get away from its identification with various great grafts recently exposed, and must unite on a man strong enough to make all the rival bosses hold their peace and work for party success upon no other guarantee than that they will not be preferred or ignored in the disposition of the minor offices. So much for the practical politics. The only thing remaining to be considered is the matter of policy. The platform must promise something definite. It must not be mere words. It must mean something more than that there will be a respectable administration of affairs. The people want something more than a prospect of being "governed" by a man who will keep the city and its affairs clean and straight. Good government as held out to the people must be more than the election of one who will exclusively guard vested interests. The common people must be given something to look forward to. The programme must go farther than anti-boodle. It must look in the direction of giving the people more of the benefit of the values their presence here has created. There must be a forward movement towards restriction of the domination of private interests. Anti-boodleism must be pushed forward from mere negativeness to positiveness; it must go to the length of removing the incitement to boodle—that is, to the point of providing a beginning of a policy whereby the public utilities shall come under popular control and popular administration. By such a policy the Democrats may win public confidence, but if that line of advance be ignored the people will look upon the party as merely the machinery of special interests of varying degrees of reprehensibility or of infamy, and the ticket will be snowed under. The people have seen enough to make them think that they want administration that is aggressively progressive, rather than stolidly respectable. They have been thinking of the fact that boodle grows out of private exploitation of public rights. They have seen the great street railway game of now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't, with the public for sucker. They have observed how the restoration of Forest Park is being or may be

dodged. They have been shocked by the foulness of a gambling monopoly dominating the city and corrupting the people and their servants. They have read of steals in the city institutions, of graft in contracts for public work. They have seen some funny business in the matter of street reconstruction. They are ready for a municipal programme that shall be drastic in putting into practice the ultimate logic of the warfare upon boodle, which is warfare upon the privilege that corrupts the municipality. If the Democrats do not take up this line of appeal—after suppressing leaders whose positions and entanglements are inharmonious therewith—and the Republicans cannot do it consistently with their party policy, the Socialists, the Single-Taxers, the municipal ownership men, and all those disgusted by the spectacle of partisanism serving the ends of corruptionists of various sorts, will get together and elect a man for Mayor who will jolt this town as Tom Johnson jolted Cleveland. The Democrats have a chance. It may improve, or it may diminish. It all depends on whether the party shelves its discredited leaders and takes advanced ground in the more extensive democratizing of municipal administration.



Mansfield's "Richard."

A CORRESPONDENT asks the editor of the *MIRROR* what he thinks of Richard Mansfield's *Richard III*. This is hardly fair. The Mansfield presentation of the crook-back king simply staggers thought. The role is vertiginously vagaristic. It is conceived like a supercynical "Dolly Dialogue" or some of the conversation in our modern *Smart Set* novelettes. Mr. Mansfield's *Richard* is twin brother to the hero in George Bernard Shaw's "Devil's Disciple." He is a royal *Janus Weathercock* or *Egomot Bonmot*, a royal dilettante decadent and degenerate with a twist for sardonic humor. *Richard* is positively gay in his slaughterousness, an almost hilariously happy murderer. The play is a joke in some respects, as, for instance, the wooing of *Anne*. The comical grotesque, which is such a favorite phase of character with Mr. Mansfield is what attracts him to the crook-back. Audiences who know their Shakespeare do not recognize him in Mr. Mansfield's *Richard*, but Mr. Mansfield certainly makes the part something that even Shakespeare could not conceive. It is laughable at the same time that it is horrible. Mansfield's *Richard* is a sort of goblin. He has no soul. Shakespeare's *Richard* has a soul, if it is a black and foul one. That's why Mansfield's *Richard* sounds like a phonograph.



Mr. Sager's Promise.

CIRCUIT ATTORNEY SAGER has started in by going out after the misdeeds of the gambling syndicates. He will start out after election frauds, too. He will tackle any wrong-doing wherever found. He will not be a "boodle specialist." He will go after the nuisances as well as after the crimes. All of which is most excellent, but even better than this is the happy prospect that he is not going to be a crusader. Mr. Sager has one quality as prosecutor that we must not overlook as being necessary. He is a good deal of a human being, and his outlook upon life is not theoretical or academic. His utterances are not too effusive or profuse in promise. He used to be a bang-up football player, which means that he has strength, united with intelligence. There is no chance that he will scare either at himself or others. We needn't look for him to tear the town wide open or turn it upside down, or make it dance like a toad on a hot rock. He will do his duty, and do it without spectacularity. He may be looked to as an official

who will be merciful as well as just, a man viewing his position in the light of common sense, and disinclined to stir things up solely to keep himself in the newspapers. Mr. Sager has started out well with his capture of the gambling syndicate's storehouse of gambling and swindling implements. Furthermore, he shows a happy penchant for getting out among the people and hearing their views, and his public addresses have a hearty, healthy savor of frank, warm-blooded, sane rectitude, a manly upholding of the decent thing, including tolerance of human frailty no less than hatred for mere viciousness and criminality, that comes refreshingly upon a community so deluged with the boresome iteration of the catch phrases of reform as to react upon real desirers of good government as hudibrastic and pharisaical. His fights are going to be harder than those of his predecessor whose opportunity was inescapable, however brilliantly he improved it. He will not have to war against evil men who will smother him with their onrush to confess their sins and the evils he will have to fight will not be evils that appeal so readily to the imagination as does boodling in big figures. Sager is "game," and the best proof that he is so is found in the manner in which he takes up his work in a position that has been rendered internationally conspicuous by his predecessor. He is not afraid of inevitable comparison, so little afraid that he invites it from the outset.



Democracy's Nucleus.

DEMOCRACY isn't dead yet. It has still some men whose characters and careers give it a meaning and a vitality that will hold the allegiance of many hundreds of thousands of their fellows. A party that has men like W. J. Bryan, Johnson of Minnesota, Johnson of Cleveland, Douglas of Massachusetts, Jerome of New York, Louis F. Post of Chicago, is not a wholly moribund party. These men are stimulative, even if they be not, as some have alleged, creative or constructive. They represent ideas that gather force. They may be only the mouthpieces of protest against the ideas that now dominate here, but they represent about all there is of the real and necessary spirit of opposition in this country. The things against which they fight may seem to-day to be invincibly prevalent and popular, but the great evil of the time, to which they are opposed, is the damnable spirit of acquiescence to anything or everything that it seems useless to fight against. These men represent the opposite of the sentiment which says of this or that tendency or drift or policy, "Oh, let it go; there's no use fighting it." These men don't "lay down" simply because their fellows say, "what's the use of fighting?" They are not conformists to whatever is, simply because a majority temporarily seems to be sweeping everything before it. They do not lament the way things go, and decline to try to stop them. They don't see the policies they oppose go ahead with no other comment than "what could we do?" These men stand for things in politics temporarily discredited, but they stand for them firmly. They are all anti-machine men. They are all blasphemers against "let well enough alone," which is the shield for every evil or wrong or shame under the sun. In so far as they are the embodiments of protest, they are valuable and purifying influences in politics. The country is in a bad way when it has no protestants against the things which seem to be inevitable in policy. A country without kickers is dead. It is all very well for us to say that the people have spoken on national politics for four years. I don't think the people have spoken at all. They have simply preferred a party with a

policy to a party with no policy. They chose a man of positive principle and attractive personality over a man who had only negative principles, and no more personality than a sawdust doll. The men I have named may not be right one and all on all things, but they are right on one thing, every one of them, and that is that they do not abate their own purposes or deny their own faith simply because they appear to be out of *rapport* with the great, but for the present, bovinely unthinking masses of the citizenry. They are good for the country if for no other reason than that they are a political irritant; they wake up the minds of people who are inclined to think that all things were settled at the polls in November last. They are good because they have some principles that are, at least, different from those who now dominate the government. They are valuable as a check upon the power of the party that is now supreme. They are the men about and upon whom must concentrate all the forces and principles antagonistic to the inevitable evils inherent in a governmental policy pursued without the clarifying effect of a healthy, sincere, intelligent opposition.



Foolish Cotton Burners.

THEY are burning surplus cotton in the South these days as some years ago they were burning surplus corn. This is crime that brings its punishment. It is waste and waste is sin. "Waste not, want not" is an adage true as it is old. The surplus cotton could be stored against the time of scarcity. Its destruction will not raise prices for what cotton may be left. The advertisement of the fact that the cotton is being burned only tends to keep down prices. Mere destruction of any staple in wantonness never yet had the effect of appreciating values. There is in fact no such thing as a surplus of cotton. Conditions are simply that the growers and spinners have not found a way to get their cotton and cotton goods into the hands of all who need it. Better methods of distribution are needed. The cotton that is being burned would clothe many who are cold to-day, and its working would afford wages and food to the idle and starving. The cotton burners are sinning against nature and against their fellow men. The fat years are followed by lean years, as they were in Egypt of old, and the wisdom of Joseph, the granary builder, is still in demand and productive of honor as it was in the time of the great Pharaoh.



Butler and the Cat.

THE managing editor of the *Republic* apologizes sophistically for the CAT gambling syndicate by intimating that the move to repeal the Breeders' Law, which has bred nothing but corruption and death, is backed by Ed. Butler. Rats! Butler and the CAT are pals. Butler and the CAT put their money in the same pile to defeat Folk and try to nominate the CAT's attorney for Governor. Butler and the CAT were in the House of Delegates combine, and are together still. Butler and the CAT have worked together with the CAT's attorney ever since 1901. The idea that Butler fights the CAT because it interfered with the transfer of the Transit Company to the United Railways is rot. The CAT has operated in as much respectable finance as it has ever been identified with through James Campbell, who is Butler's friend and broker. It was through Mr. Campbell that the CAT bought the Fair Grounds. The CAT's tools are Butler tools whenever Butler wants them. The CAT's attorney has never fought Butler on the level, although he has always professed to do so. The CAT's attorney and political friend has always fought Butler in public and combined with

him in private. The CAT's tools and the tools of Butler have both enjoyed police immunity while the CAT's attorney bossed the police. As many Butler men as CAT men ran hand-books and crap games, and Butler's men had a monopoly of policy gambling. If the CAT's attorney fears Butler wants to put the CAT out of the wholesale gambling business in order to control it for Butler lieutenants, how is it that when the CAT's attorney was supreme master of the police the Butler men had immunity in their gambling and the CAT men and Butler men were one and the same? Butler has had his goodly share of the gambling privileges in this city right along during the political reign of the CAT's attorney. Butler doesn't want to hurt the gambling syndicate. He wants it to go on. As long as the CAT had the head of the police "cinched" Butler "got his bit." His followers' games ran unmolested just as did those of the friends of the CAT, because the attorney of the CAT needed Butler, and Butler wouldn't join with him in politics unless his legionaries got their share of the graft. Butler's friends and the friends of the CAT and its attorney had all the gambling graft. The *Republic's* endeavor to help out the gambling syndicate by the dissemination of the flagrant lie that Butler is making the fight on the Breeders' Law is funny. It is only about six months since the *Republic* openly declared that Butler and the CAT's attorney were in an evil combine and aroused all the preachers to a fit of frenzy over the manner in which Butler and the CAT's attorney carried the Twenty-eighth ward against Folk. Butler and the CAT were together then. They are together still, for Butler's friends couldn't run their games if it were not that the CAT's friends ran theirs. The police under the direction of the CAT's attorney never touched one of the Butler policy games, never molested the Butler crap shooters, never discovered the Butler hand-bookies. Why, then, should Butler fight the CAT now, when such a fight simply has cut off the revenue of his followers? The CAT's attorney has been playing close to Folk ever since Folk has been a winner, and Butler, wishing to secure for his friends a piece of the graft the CAT would have if its attorney could hypnotize Folk into letting him run things in St. Louis, naturally made common cause with the CAT. Butler and the CAT's attorney have been hand-in-hand ever since 1901. They worked together in the city committee. They worked together in the House of Delegates. They joined forces in the Council. They were both committed to the cause of defeating Folk for the gubernatorial nomination. Butler and the CAT have the same men in the State Senate. The CAT's attorney has kept at least three of Butler's best men, or four—Guion, Williams, Flynn and Klaiber—close to him in the city committee and in the Jefferson Club. The CAT's attorney, with all his talk of reorganizing the city committee, has left the Twelfth district wards in such shape that Butler controls that district. Butler's paper, the *St. Louis World*, carries the Cella Commission Company's advertising, and antagonizes the repeal of the Breeder's Law, although the *World* fought the CAT with a frightful venomousness before Butler became the dominant partner in the *World* Publishing Company. The *World* is an earnest, even rabid, defender of the CAT gambling graft. The *Republic* is defending the gambling graft by questioning the course of the attack upon it. The *Republic* opposed and scarified the CAT's attorney when he, with Butler for backer, was running for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Now it pretends that Butler is fighting the CAT and its attorney. Butler is with the CAT because he has

a share in its graft and had a share in the protection or immunity accorded it. Butler is with the CAT's attorney because Butler is with anybody who can help him and his followers make money. The CAT's attorney and Butler are not at outs as much as the former pretends. They both hate Folk because Folk means the ruin of the CAT graft, the Butler graft and all other graft. The CAT's attorney pretends to fight Butler, why? Because Folk hates Butler and the CAT's attorney thinks that a fake fight on Butler will delude Folk into making the CAT's attorney the master of the local situation. Butler and the CAT make a bluff at fighting in order that Folk may possibly be trapped into an alliance with the CAT through his hatred for Butler. The *Republic* is silly. Butler graft and CAT graft are bound up together and both flourished when the CAT's attorney was in power to suppress both. Butler and the CAT's attorney may not love one another, but that doesn't mean that they are incapable of a "business" truce in the interest of the maintenance of the two grafts.

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Chattanooga's Ambition.

Now it is proposed to hold a World's Fair at Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1915. It is to be called the Semicentennial Peace Jubilee and World's Fair. The excuse for the Fair is set forth by Mr. B. Clay Middleton. He says that "in 1915, fifty years will have elapsed since peace was declared between the North and South in the war of the rebellion and fifty years of peace, prosperity, material advancement, and happiness realized in a worthy effort put forth in patriotic purpose by all of the American people to make the old flag float higher in the heavens merits and demands that the semicentennial anniversary shall be a year of jubilee. Chattanooga is a live and prosperous city, in which the thrifty spirit of the New South is plainly evident upon every hand. It is rich in military history, for the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga were in the immediate vicinity of the city, and almost every inch of its soil has been pressed by the feet of valor, and rendered sacred by the blood of heroes." There is no reason why Chattanooga should not have a World's Fair commemorative of peace, if the money can be raised, but I fear that World's Fairs are not to be so popular as they have been, and World's Fairs are not possible in towns the size of Chattanooga. A less ambitious title for the Chattanooga enterprise would help the cause. A National Peace Jubilee would not be inappropriate, but a universal exposition seems to be out of the question. Chattanooga's ambition is praiseworthy, but it should not overleap itself, and it should not overload itself with the World's Fair idea, not that the peace between the States was not an epoch-making world event, but that a city of Chattanooga's size is not equal to the realization of a World's Fair project along the lines to which the world has been accustomed. We will all turn in and help Chattanooga, for we can well see how the semicentennial might be made an imposing event of great value to the South and the whole country. A World's Fair in 1915 is, however, too much to hope for in Chattanooga, or elsewhere in this country, for that matter.

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Butler-Hawes Hippodrome.

WHAT fools we are. Here are the Democrats all balled up over an alleged squabble between Butler and Hawes. As if the Democracy were not greater than either or both of them. As if Democracy didn't exist before either was heard of and won't exist long after each has been forgotten. The interests of the public, so far as Democracy represents them, are

jeopardized by this clash of the ambition or greed of the two leaders. Even in the sense of lower practical politics, these men's quarrel is a mistake. It has led to nothing but the defeat of a city ticket and the throwing out of jobs of many faithful party workers. Both Hawes and Butler eat regular. They are not "on their uppers," but the men who followed them are finding out that when the bosses fight the workers feel the blows. Hawes has put his boys up against snowballs for breakfast, solely that he might have chocolate and hot biscuits for his, through serving the race-track gambling syndicate. Butler does somewhat better for his friends. Some of Butler's "bit" sifts down to "the boys," but Hawes' never, or if Hawes "lets in" any of the boys, like as not they're boys who are as much Butler men as Hawes men. The Hawes men who have "snaps" are all Butler men whom Hawes can't let go of. And when Hawes led his gang to the Mayor to get them into the places held by Butler's gang, he knew that the Mayor wouldn't do what he asked. It was another bluff to his following; another fake fight upon Butler, just as the last anti-Butler city ticket was put up with the full knowledge of the fact that Butler was going to knife it. It is, or was, another case of Hawes and the appointment of Swingley as Fire Chief. Swingley was appointed by Wells, with Hawes' consent. Hawes' friends pledged Councilmen to confirm Swingley. When Butler's men kicked on Swingley—solely to discomfit Hawes with the Democrats by the way, as Col. Butler was always a friend of Swingley—what did Mr. Hawes do but switch and pretend to try to get the Council to reject Swingley? When Councilman Lawler, who was pledged to confirm Swingley through the efforts of Hawes' friends, refused to be pulled off and to oppose Swingley, it was said that Mr. Lawler was influenced by "Tom" Barrett. Mr. Lawler voted as he did, for Hawes and Hawes played both ends. He helped to sustain the Mayor, because he got Mr. Lawler's vote. He stood with his party against Republicans, because he seemed to work against Swingley, after having assured his confirmation. Butler was playing Hawes and Hawes was playing Butler, and between them both, Mayor Wells was discredited as a Democrat, the boys were put off with a beautiful bluff and each boss got what he wanted on both ends of the game, only Hawes had three ends. The Hawes-Butler fight is a fake—and that's the worst of it, from a party standpoint. They are putting Folk in a hole by their quarrels and neither one loves him any better now than when both were working together to defeat him, and Hawes was speaking his condemnation in the voice and with the heart of Butler. Mr. Hawes has never in all his political career, made a sincere fight on Butler. He is not doing so now. I don't say this is reprehensible in Mr. Hawes, for he is a politician, and a man must live. Butler will get Hawes when he wants him—as he always has since 1901. Butler has Hawes now, because Hawes is working with men he knows to be Butler tools in his councils. Butler is the master of the situation, because he has forced Hawes to pretend to pull out of the presidency of the Jefferson Club. Hawes' fake expulsion of Butler from the party has only shown that such expulsion weakens himself. Butler and his following are where they would be—sitting on the ruins of the party. They forced Hawes to nominate a ticket that wouldn't be too Folky. The ticket was beaten because Folk was not recognized in its make-up. Hawes played into Butler's hands and he tried to do the split on the city ticket with Folk and Butler, as he did on the Swingley appointment with Butler and Mayor Wells. Hawes' retirement from the Presidency of the Jefferson Club is more 'possum policy. Hawes

will work in the background. He will work with by and through Lou Guion, Billy Flynn, Frank Klaiber, John Williams and Ed Crowe on the City Committee—every one of them Butler to the bone. What do Ed and Harry care? The race-track gambling syndicate will flourish and furnish fees for the one. The policy games will fatten the other. Ed will have the House of Delegates and control of legislation, with Harry's consent and the aid of the gambling syndicate's delegates in the Butler combine as of old. Ed and Harry must live. To hell with the boys who do the work—especially those who work for Harry. They get nothing but that bland smile, and then after a while they go over to Butler who does take care of those who put money in his pocket. Harry makes the bluff of fighting Butler and that covers both their tracks, you know. They damn one another in their public utterances, but all the time there is uninterrupted association between them, through the Butler men that form Hawes' political bodyguard. Hawes is a Butler man—and poor Butler can't help it. He can't lose Harry, try he never so desperately. So he must perforce use him by keeping up the dissension in the local party that will help to discredit Folk as a leader. Hawes and Butler are both confidencing the Democratic party. Hawes is confidencing Folk. Hawes is still the man he was—the friend of Cook, of Stone, of Dockery, of Morton, of Farris, as he was their gubernatorial candidate—theirs and Butler's—as the *Republic*, now supporting him, said he was—and how can he be a friend of Folk's now? Hawes admits in one breath that Butler is necessary to Democratic success in this city—by showing that Butler's deception caused the late defeat—and then in the next breath he says that Butler must be driven out of the party. This inconsistency is only intelligible when we remember that it is consistent with an understanding between Butler and Hawes to keep the party split wide open in order to force Folk into a deal with them both.

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Watch the Million Club.

A WORD to the wise guys of this town should be sufficient. The masses of the people look with suspicion on the Million Club. They think it is an implement held over their heads to coerce them into voting for the \$9,000,000 bond issue and to force them into line for some Mayoralty candidate representative of the interests that have "cinched" all the good things in this town. The Million Club is too much of a close corporation of a certain capitalistic set and the signs that an inner circle is working secretly in that business and social "set," are not wanting. There is a latent fear that the Million Club's ostensible efforts for the city will really be a cause for the furtherance of schemes behind the men who lead the Million Club in the public eye. The Business Men's League has been worked time and again for ulterior purposes. So has the Manufacturers' Association. So has the Merchants' Exchange. The Million Club is in danger of being similarly controlled for private purposes, under pretense of public purposes. The Million Club is not composed solely of altruists and philanthropists, and therefore, its altruistic, philanthropic, civic, patriotic professions deserve the closest scrutiny from the public. There may be a political scheme behind it. There may be lurking in its glittering and grandiose generalities of promise, a plot to work off on the city some scheme of superficially appearing public benefit, but of fundamental exploitation of the community for private profit. This is the suspicion of many St. Louisians, and who shall say that it is not justified by the public's past experience of the deeds of some of its most profuse men of public spirit? Members of the

Million Club will do well to keep their eyes open, lest they be led through good motives to the furtherance of evil ends. There are many men in the Club who mean well. All of them speak well. There are a few slick ones who never waste any time on anything that isn't a good thing for them exclusively. These latter must be watched lest they foist upon the public schemes for the development of new "cinches" in this community, lest public interest be prostituted to the end of attacking certain private interest to the aggrandizement of other private interests. I have not any one man or set of men in the Million Club in mind, but I have in mind the fact that both the Business Men's League and the Manufacturers' Association, with the best intentions in the world, have been frequently tricked into declarations that have furthered the ends of private schemers in politics and in business affairs. Let us not have too sacred a respect for the Million Club. It is composed of men, of some men who have thrown sand in the public's eyes before, and men are liable to work to their own interests conceiving them to coincide with public interest, and men who have deceived the people in the past will do it again when opportunity offers, and the profit of deception makes it worth while. If the Million Club is to be "a clearing house of ideas," as has been suggested, the idea in this paragraph is one that should go through all right and be kept in mind as a sort of test of every other idea presented for clearance.

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"The Old French Set."

St. Louis society is to be "organized," says the *Post-Dispatch*. The old French set has been crowded out, we are told, by the new rich, and the taint of money is over the whole social swell shooting match. The old French set is an interesting myth. It is not a tangible thing in St. Louis society. The old French families are so intermarried with the new that they are hardly traceable to-day, even through the genealogical tortuosities of Paul Beckwith's "Creoles of St. Louis." There are not more than six of the old family names extant in the roster of the so-called fashionable set. There are many of the old family names still worn by people in St. Louis, but the members of the families wearing most of them are not in any sense "in society." The Chouteaus, Papins, Bertholds and Cabannes are still in evidence, but the Gratiots have disappeared, and so have dozens of other family names that are still known to us chiefly as designations of streets in unfrequented parts of the city. There are still in society scions of the house of Mullanphy, but that isn't an old family, as compared with the French, and there are a few O'Fallons, but the Biddles have vanished from the society realm. The old Sarpy family has been lost in the now more potent name of Morrison. The Nidelets are out of the swim, and the name Saugrain was resurrected only in Miss Dillon's novel, "The Rose of Old St. Louis." There are Von Phuls still in the social going, too, and the De Menils and Provencheres, and the Garesches are not entirely lost to sight and sound. Still, the old French set as a factor in society is not to be taken into serious account. Not that the remnants who are still in the swim are not fine and worthy people, but simply because they are not numerically strong enough or powerful enough to stand against the new aristocracy of trade—the families founded on beer, on flour, on speculation, on pork, on real estate, etc. Even the Lucases have been lost to society through their absorption into other families. All the talk about the shouldering out, the shelving of the old French families by new society is the sheerest non

sense. There isn't any old French set shouldered out. What is left of that set is still in the push. The names of those of that set may be few in number, but there is a plenitude of the old French blood in society under newer, more modern names. The old French set in St. Louis took up very nicely with the new riches. They didn't keep to themselves. They did not disdain alliance with new money. Their grandchildren are strictly in it, and their blood is behind some of our biggest commercial successes of to-day. All there is left of the old French families, that cares to go into society, or can stand the expense of going there, is still in the social going. Newspaper articles which speak of the old French set are written by neophytes. There is no old French set, for it is thoroughly blent with some of the newest sets. Truth to tell, there isn't any St. Louis society in the sense that there is a society in New York, if there be such a thing even there. Anybody who is decent and can stand the expense and is willing to go to a little trouble to get acquainted with people and be gracious to them, can get into St. Louis society, so-called. And one doesn't have to have oodles of money to get in, at that. All one needs is enough to reciprocate hospitalities, and the cost of that can be kept down by refusing to accept what cannot be returned in kind. There are few bounders or climbers in St. Louis—very few. There are very few snobs. There are a great many people who move in the best circles without being greatly wealthy. In fact, it can hardly be said that the very wealthiest people in St. Louis dominate society. St. Louis society is about the easiest, the least meretricious in its standards of that of any big city in the country. There is more good fellowship, honest camaraderie, liking of people for what they are rather than for what they have, than is to be found in any city in the world.

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A Prophecy of Women's Genius.

Writing in *Success*, Dr. Emile Reich predicts that in America, in the future, "women will be neither the subject nor the inspiration of great male poets or artists." To which I reply that Dr. Emil Reich is foolish in his head. There will not be any inspiration at all of great male poets and artists, if it be not woman-inspiration. There can't be poetry or art without the feminine, even though it has to be found subjectively in the poet or artist rather than showing itself objectively to him. There isn't any creative genius without a trace of feminine in it. But the Herr Doktor Reich goes on to say that "on the other hand, the coming great American poet or artist will be a woman. Much as prophecies are to be dreaded, I do not hesitate to risk this prediction. It will be poetry of a new flavor. It will cause new shivers of poetic delight. It will be as original in poetry as Chopin was in music. It will be appreciated in Europe more than in America. But the main social institutions of America will suffer no change." In this Dr. Reich may be right. There are more and more women writing and painting. They tend to outnumber the men, who seek for other than poetic or artistic honors now. As the women will do most of the working in verse or art they must stand the better chance of producing the supreme poet or artist. Besides, man has pretty well expressed all that is in him up to date, while woman generally is only now discovering herself, and that discovery needs fitting annunciation to the world. The greatest woman poet was Sappho, if we may trust legend and authority, but modern woman will not voice herself as Sappho did. She will give us shivers—not necessarily of poetic delight—for we

have already had a few in her erotic novels, as in Dolfe Wyllarde's latest, "Captain Amyas." She will be as original as Chopin in music—does that mean as sickly, too? Woman has not yet come into her own. The sex ought, in all justice, to produce the equivalent of man's Shakespeare, Raphael, Michelangelo. That it has not yet done so is simply because it has not had the opportunity to develop such genius. With all man's opportunity the really great are very few. Woman's time is coming. May it come soon. Man is pretty nearly played out—at least, one would think so from the way woman is forging to the front in everything, from æsthetics to high finance. All hail, then, to Herr Doktor Reich's prophecy. His photo should adorn the desk of every presiding officer of every woman's club in this broad land.

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Idyllic Oregon.

THEY are having an anti-boodle upheaval out in Oregon and United States Senators and others are being brought to bar on charges of land fraud operations. The President has deposed a United States District Attorney for not doing his duty, and the people are not quite sure that the right is all on the side of the prosecution. There is much open sympathy for the Senator and the ex-Senator who have been indicted, and the public has not been swept off its feet by the mere fact that accusations are made against men who have been highly honored in the past. There is no stampede for righteousness, and no popular hysterics on the prosecution's side, such as have prevailed in other communities, which have had purification parties of late years. This is a phenomenon, in connection with the so-called moral awakening of the country, which it will be well to watch. We shall see the outcome of a reform prosecution in a community in which the reform has selected popular victims. It is really refreshing to know that there are communities which do not jump instantaneously to the conclusion of a man's guilt the moment a charge is laid against him. Of course, the community where this occurs may be wrong in its sentiment, but that doesn't matter. It is pleasant to think that there are communities, even if far away where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save his own dashings, where the people have confidence in someone's apparent honesty and decency. There were land frauds out in Oregon, beyond doubt, and someone committed them, but it is clear that Oregonians are not convinced that the Federal authorities have nabbed the right men in their quest of the crooks.

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Back to the People.

POPULAR election of Senators is advocated in many gubernatorial messages. If such a matter be taken out of the hands of legislatures, why should not all important legislation be left to the people by the referendum? The referendum plan would take the corporations out of politics most effectively. All the people of a State or a nation cannot be bought. The referendum idea is gradually gaining ground all over this country, especially as the people show a disposition in elections to vote for men rather than for policies. Matters of policy are ignored by voters when submitted to the ballot along with men. They would not be ignored if, after the issue reaches a stage of importance sufficient to justify the course, they were submitted to the people without complication with the claims and pretensions of candidates. A plebiscite in the states, or in the whole country has never been held upon any vital issue, except when some man was bound up with it. Most of our elections leave policies open questions, as the last election has left the tariff. The winning party is not certain as to

what was "the mandate of the people." This uncertainty is unfortunate, to say the least. If there is to be a revision of the tariff the sooner it is made the better for business and for politics.

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Centralizing Government.

MR. GARFIELD'S plan of licensing interstate corporations is meeting with approval in many high places where it was condemned as a trust and interstate commerce regulation when suggested by William J. Bryan after the election of 1900. Mr. Garfield's plan will grow in favor. All the corporations will finally favor almost any regulation upon their interstate operations in order to escape the extreme, burdensome, conflicting, exasperating extortionate and frequently silly regulations and restrictions devised by the various states. Insurance, brewing, distilling, railroads, all the great industrial concerns will gradually come around to the point of favoring one general government control in preference to forty-five different and often diametrically opposed systems of regulation. Great businesses of the sort described cannot escape the logic of their own development. All this means concentration and centralization of government, but there is no escape from it, as how can there be when the very people who clamor loudest for decentralization are at the same time crying for public ownership of great businesses based upon public grants or monopolies of raw material?

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Bruce Crane's Marriage.

THAT man Bruce Crane whom we read about is an artist. He married a lady with a daughter. He and the daughter fell in love with one another, deceiving his wife and her mother. Finally the wife and mother found it out, and sued for divorce which was denied her. Then Crane sued and she filed a cross bill in Dakota. The divorce was granted and Crane and the girl were married a few weeks ago. What a theme for a drama by Henrik Isben! What a mess it makes of a whole arsenal of ideals! It cannot be much longer until we shall have reached the lowest stage of Roman degeneration, when men will marry their own daughters. Still this is a free country and things like this Bruce Crane affair are only the scarce evils that flourish from conditions and laws which we must believe work for the general good.

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Makes a Noise.

SENATOR KINEALY comes out openly against the repeal of the Breeders' Law, which shows he is grateful to the influence that elected him, even if he be in favor of the continuance of a thief and forger factory, a murder mill and a suicide supply works. Senator Kinealy makes a noise like a CAT.

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Did Morton Do It?

TROUBLE in the President's cabinet. Testimony recently given, in Chicago, before the Interstate Commerce Commission, indicates conclusively that Mr. Paul Morton, now of President Roosevelt's cabinet, but formerly traffic manager of the Santa Fe, is out of harmony with the President's expressed intention of shackling railway cunning. Under Mr. Morton's management, the Santa Fe regulated the traffic rate on coal so as to give the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co.—the Peabody end of the Republican party in Colorado and part of the Standard Oil end of that party in the country at large—an advantage over its competitors in transportation of about \$1,000 a day. Incidentally, says the *Chicago Public*, this disclosure suggests a plausible reason in Mr. Morton's mind for resigning a \$25,000 office with the Santa Fe for an \$8,000 office

in the President's cabinet. And yet there is something still to be learned about this matter before we pass final judgment on it. The question of the Santa Fe's guilt is still pending in a suit in court and the transaction appears to have been fairly in the open. Mr. Morton hasn't resigned. President Roosevelt hasn't even asked him to resign. It is not quite clear as yet that Mr. Morton and the Santa Fe are not simply besmirched as the result of a business dispute. Still the President can't be too careful about taking railroad men into his cabinet. The average railroad hustler will sail mighty close to shoals in order to get business for his road. Maybe it was the road did the deed and not Mr. Morton. Corporations, you know, have no souls.

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Pee Dee's Advertising War.

AT the beginning of the year the *Post-Dispatch* raised its advertising rates. The big advertising houses of the city declared they would not stand the raise. The *Post-Dispatch* would not recede from its advance. Now all the big stores that advertise are refusing to advertise in that paper. There's a sort of business boycott against the *P.-D.* The *P.-D.* thinks it is entitled to the increased rates it asks, in view of its indisputably great circulation. The advertisers think they are being held up simply on the strength of a circulation which the paper thinks they can't help utilizing in the long run. All the other papers are doing their best to cut in and increase their advertising patronage by absorbing that held out from the *Post-Dispatch*. I don't know anything about the merits of the case, but I do know that the *Post-Dispatch* is an advertising medium which no great concern in business here can afford to do without for any length of time. The paper may or may not have raised its rates extortionately, but in the long run there's only one test of the value of advertising and that's the returns, and any good paper can stand a boycott in the certainty that those who quit using it will find the returns falling off. The paper and its advertisers are very foolish to protract the fight. They should arbitrate. Let either the *Globe-Democrat* or the *Chronicle* or the *Star* or the *Republic* arbitrate—oh Lord!

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Fields and Farris.

SENATOR FRANK FARRIS, under indictment, has been left off the committees by President pro tem. Fields, at his own request, but he's there on the best committees in spirit, and John Morton is "on guard" for all that he and Farris represent. This looks not like reform—not much. Mr. Fields' attention is hereby called to himself and his committees. They look "queer."

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Another Cassie.

ANOTHER Mrs. Chadwick in the field, in Mrs. Brodie Duke, who was Alice Webb. But the supremacy of Hetty Green, the female Russell Sage, remains unchallenged.

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Why Not Vote on Sunday?

Gov. FOLK says that while he is a party man, he warns the politician that when he "shall come before the people to give an account of his stewardship, the account must be for public service, and not for party work." Treason to the machine idea! He says further that he will recommend that "the right to vote be taken from those citizens who neglect to exercise their privilege and duty of voting." This would bring out the actual vote and prevent the registration of bogus names and would put the repeater out of business. The Governor favors a State pri-

mary law whereby all nominations for State, County and municipal offices shall be made by primaries held on the same day all over the State by all political parties, with the same number of voting places as in the general election, and that the expense be paid in the same manner. He says: "The professional boss delights in a multiplicity of primaries and conventions. The ordinary citizen, after attending one or two conventions and primaries, gives his attention to other matters, leaving the field to those who are in politics for revenue only. The result is, unless the people are intensely aroused, nominations are made not by the people but by those who have a selfish interest to be served." All this is true, but only measurably so. The bosses would still be active just because private interest is always more awake and active than public interest. Mr. Folk, being probably so evangelical as to have a dread of the continental idea, was afraid to suggest another idea to bring out the vote: that the primaries and elections be held on Sunday, as in France. What's that? Desecrate the Sabbath? Is there any higher or more sacred duty than voting for clean government? Could not the voting days be all the more strictly closed because they were Sundays? Better the day, better the deed. There would be no excuse for anyone's failure to vote on Sunday, and no employer would force his men to work on that day to keep them from the polls. Everybody would have time to vote and go to church, too, if he felt like it. Indeed, the casting of a vote might take on something of the character of a religious function. But, of course, Governor Folk, as a good Baptist, could not go as far as this suggestion. We can't force a man to vote. All we can do is to make it easy for him to vote, although we may take away a man's vote if he has no good reason for refusing to exercise his privilege. I say privilege because it is conceivable that there may be times when a conscientious man may deem it his duty not to vote, when his not voting may be his form of expressing his opinion on men or measures. If we could vote on Sundays, we wouldn't interfere with the sanctity of the day and we would do away with nearly all the excuses now prevalent for not voting, and with most of the tricks for keeping people away from the polls, while nothing would be a surer prevention of stuffing than the presence of all the people of a precinct, as would be possible on Sunday, at the poll whereat they are entitled to vote. And the vote should be an open vote. The secrecy of the ballot is only a cloak for fraud nowadays, not a guarantee of independence in balloting.

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A Special Session of Congress.

SHALL the President call a special session of Congress? That's the question. He'd like to do so, and call it early, but the party leaders cannot agree with him. Important urgings for a special session are to be found in the open demand for reciprocity from New England, the endeavor of the northwestern millers to secure free raw material in some shape, and finally in the opinion of the newspaper press of the United States that the intolerable exactions of the paper trust can not be stopped except by a reduction of duty not only on pulp wood, but on print paper as well. Now that the question of railroad rates has become acute there is a demand for remedial action from the shippers, producers and consumers, and unless something is done to meet this demand there may be a storm that will force extreme legislation. Delay is dangerous, and nobody knows this better than the President. Procrastination may split the party and finally result in legislation that will be so much of a compromise as to nullify all the

good intentions of the promoters thereof. The tariff and railroad rates are the crucial issues. The former must be changed, for as Senator Allison points out it is a question whether the Dingley tariff could be expected to stand through four years more of changed and constantly changing commercial conditions. It already has been in operation for more than seven years, and if it is to abide throughout the whole of Mr. Roosevelt's coming administration it will have to run between eleven and twelve years. Senator Allison, it is said, is of the opinion that this is too much to expect of any tariff law, however wisely conceived in the first instance. However, the "stand pat" idea still prevails. Let well enough alone, is the cry. Tariff tinkering has always been loaded with "dynamite" for the party attempting it. Politicians are afraid of it. Thus, while Speaker Cannon, Senator Platt of Connecticut, and Representative Dalzell and Grosvenor favor a special session of Congress to revise the Dingley schedules, Senators Aldrich, Allison and Spooner, with Representative Tawney, favor a readjustment of the Dingley rates. Sereno E. Payne, chairman of the House committee on ways and means, is uncertain as to what he wants or does not want. All these persons have been consulted by the President. I think the President wants a tariff revision at a special session, and what he wants he will have. The President is still enough of a Free Trader to be reckoned as ever ready to reduce the tariff at every reasonable opportunity.

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Mrs. Astor's High Ball.

MRS. ASTOR'S ball with one thousand guests wearing several hogsheads of diamonds, came off in New York last Monday evening. I'll bet there wasn't as much fun there as at the dance held the same evening at Mary Ann McKellegat's house in Senator Kinney's Fourth ward. There wasn't as creamy a foam on the "suds," and there was no less discomfort over the presence of the "fly cops" to watch the diamonds than there would be under a similar intrusion of "elbows" upon a function in the Fourth. There can't be any fun at a ball when everybody is under the strain of a pose for the reporters and photographers and sketchers. There's never any fun at a ball too much exploited beforehand, and the rapture of a fashionable dance with a frosty debutante or dowager, whose abstraction is due to her counting her ducats, is not to be compared with the felicity of whirling "down the line with Nellie" to the strains of a saltatorial two-step. Mrs. Astor's ball may have been swell, but it must have been too swollen to be even comfortable, much less enjoyable.

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Omar In the Pulpit.

A ST. LOUIS pastor, Rev. Frank G. Tyrrell, has shocked some people by reading from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam at services in his church. Well, what of it? Omar Khayyam is not more paganistic than is Ecclesiastes and not as sensual as the Song of Songs, both of which are frequently read from in Christian pulpits. Koheleth and Solomon's Song are not Christian in any sense, any more than are the quatrains of the man who rests at Naishapur. There are some cranks who affect to see a pietistic, sacred symbolism in the rubai just as there are some who torture a spiritual significance out of the passionate plaint of the Shulamite, but they imagine a vain thing, even as those who think that Koheleth holds out a hope and a promise against extinction. There is no religion whatever in the Rubaiyat, not as much as there is in Dr. Lyman Abbott's sermon in which he repudiates the idea or the ideal of a personal God.

Dr. Abbott is a pantheist, but Omar is not even that. There is no symbol of spirit in his Wine or Rose. A Christian preacher may, of course, read Omar as he might read Lucretius, for the charm of expression, but no Christian can approve the doctrine of either. The Rubaiyat is the most subtle essence of positivist agnosticism, and for the many it is worse than all that, for it too easily seduces to wallowings of flesh and spirit in the grossly sensual. But Dr. Tyrrell is not new to all this. Not so long ago he wrote—oh with the purest motives, of course—a book too nasty for general circulation, purporting to expose the true inwardness of social conditions, a book much worse, though not at all with such scientific excuse, than Dr. G. Frank Lydston's "Diseases of Society," now under general medico-literary discussion. The Lydston book is somewhat extreme, represents a too hasty credulity of alleged scientific demonstration and accepts too much of the pseudo-philosophy of Nordau and Lombroso, but it isn't as shocking as Preacher Tyrrell's book, by at least ninety-seven per cent. Omar in the pulpit is a vicious insinuation of anti-theism, worse than mere a-theism, but it goes with the temperament that exposes vice in a manner of salacity calculated to make it fascinating.

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Original Folk Man.

A CORRESPONDENT writes me to ask "who was the original Folk man?" That's dead easy. The original Folk man was Folk.

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Cortelyou Goes Up.

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU becomes Secretary of the Treasury, and the people approve. Fool Democrats actually abused Cortelyou into greatness in the last campaign. Their attacks advertised his worth and quality better than any amount of laudation could have done. Cortelyou will be the successor of Theodore Roosevelt in the presidency, if any Republican shall succeed him, in spite of the machinery already put in motion in behalf of Mr. Fairbanks. Cortelyou owes much to his good sense, but most to the combination of that quality with good manners. For suavity he is McKinley's second self.

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Dr. Abbott's God.

I SPOKE above of Dr. Abbott's sermon repudiating a God outside the universe and asserting a God in and of and through all things. It is strange that this proclamation should startle people as new, for that cult is as old as the world. It is in fact the foundation of all idolatry in man's wilder state, though in its proper philosophical form it is consistent with the most intensely orthodox faith of the most conservative of Christian churches. Gregory the Great, one of the least adventurous intellectually of all the popes, according to a writer in the *Chicago Tribune*, said in the sixth century, "God dwelleth within all things and without all things, above all things and beneath all things." St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of all Latin theologians, said in the thirteenth century: "The immediate operation of the Creator is closer to everything than the operation of any secondary cause." Cornelius a Lapide, a Jesuit, in the seventeenth century, after comparing our continual dependence on God to that of a bird's on the air, said: "Seeing then that we are thus united to God physically, we ought also to be united to him morally." Pantheism is the most inescapable of religious philosophies—and it permeated early Greek Christianity, coming from Greek polytheism—for the simple reason that no finite mind can conceive of infinity with-

out conceiving all things finite as existing in it and of it. There can be only one infinity. All not infinite is included therein, spirit and matter, time and space, every thought and feeling and thing. Orthodox Christianity has tried for all the centuries to escape the rationalism of pantheism, but has never quite succeeded. The thought lurks behind the most rapt visions of the most exalted mystics and truest believers, and will not vanish before whatever logical subtleties. Doubtless such a thought is not for the many. It would sink then in the slough of materialism, but rightly understood it is not an unspiritual conception of the infinite, and recent developments in modern science tend to confirm the spirituality of this conception by seemingly conclusive demonstrations of the oneness of all force and something like the vitality of all we have called dead matter. Rev. Dr. Abbott has neither thought nor said a new thing, no more than Darwin did when he phrased as evolution the flux theory of Heraclitus. Dr. Abbott's God is not a very apprehensible, as no God is a comprehensible God, but his definition, vastly vague or vaguely vast as it is, is no more vague than that of every man's conception of the power that is over, above, beyond, in and of all things. None of us understands creation out of nothing. None of us understands emanation. None of us really understands anything of the God idea—and Rev. Lyman Abbott's is hardly more to be revered than that of the humblest devotee "suckled in a creed outworn." God is God, say we all with Mahomet, but few of us are as insane as the camel-driver, as to say that we are His prophet, though we are. We each have the God we can make out of our noblest conceptions and we proclaim him in our works. It is likely enough that the God idea is practically the same in essentials in all men—an aspiration towards a conception of perfect Wisdom, Mercy, Justice and Love operating through all that we know as life or nature or time to a purpose in the ultimate beneficence of which we shall have somewhere and somehow our share. This idea of mine of God may not suit the people who conceive it their duty to enforce their idea of God upon myself and other people, but it's the best I have, as I suppose Dr. Abbott's idea is the best he can evolve. And so with all of us. What we all must beware of is becoming so concerned with our own God-idea and so intent upon enforcing it on others, that we shall fail in love for our fellows, for if we fail in that we shall surely fail of finding the Most High. There is no way of reaching out and up to any God save through love. And if there be no God at all, it is only the love we have known for others that will atone for the disappointment of there being no goal for the universal heart's desire that yearns beyond the grave and is the very soul, in fact, of the God-concept.

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Folk Funks.

GOVERNOR FOLK's inaugural blue-funks the repeal of the Breeders' Law in a lobsouse and lollipop homily about gambling in general. Is he afraid of the CAT, or has it "got him," through Hawes?

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Heimbürger's Case.

BUILDING COMMISSIONER HEIMBURGER is being tried for conditions in his department due, aside from his own weakness of spine, to the fact that he has no authority under the Charter, and if things have gone wrong the real blame rests with the President of the Board of Public Improvements. Mr. Heimbürger is a victim of dodging superiors and the fussy stupidity of Mayor's Secretary, McConkey.

The Pay of Our School Teachers

By Marcia McQueen

I UNDERSTAND that the teachers of the St. Louis schools are still considering the matter of moving for an increase of salary, seeing that their effort to secure the establishment of a pension fund some time since was a failure. The pension plan is not a good one on principle. That the people do not believe in it was shown by the defeat in the recent election of the constitutional amendment authorizing a pension fund for the policemen. It is better for the State or city to pay its employes a decent, adequate salary, enabling them to support themselves now and to put aside something against old age, to make the public servants thoroughly self-supporting and not to hold out to them only the prospect of pauperization in old age. School teachers should be better paid. I quote from a recent letter in the New York Sun on this subject:

"Considering the nature and value of the services they perform, our public school teachers are the poorest paid of any class of public servants. The strength of the school system, the real progress made in our schools, are due to the character of the teachers employed, to their loyalty and faithfulness in the face of the discouragement of the absence of public appreciation and their inadequate compensation. In what way does the public anywhere show an appreciation of the unselfish work of the teachers? Even kind words are too often withheld. We simply let our schools drift along, caring little, thinking little of the sacrifices made every day by the faithful army of teachers who are teaching our boys and girls how to become good men and women." This is as true of St. Louis as it is of New York, maybe truer.

It is true in almost all cities that the fireman, the policeman, the letter carrier, the stenographer, even the street cleaner, is better paid than the school teacher. The statistics of school teachers' salaries are a disgrace to the country which justifies the conclusion that this education-loving nation must regard the teaching of school children as an unimportant matter, requiring small talent and worthy of small reward. If such were not the case the teachers would be better paid. Bricklayers, carpenters, hod-carriers and window washers have better pay than the women who form the minds of the men and women of the future. While we keep down the teachers' salaries we are, as Mr. Charles S. Skinner says, "constantly raising the requirements for a teacher—constantly making it more difficult to enter the profession and easier to leave it." It seems that School Boards don't pay better salaries to teachers because they feel that women will only remain in the profession until they marry. They drop the teacher who marries, though why they should do so in all cases passes comprehension. Some few married teachers may have at times stayed teaching in their classrooms until their advancedly delicate condition became disconcertingly and distractingly obvious and of disagreeable suggestion to the young, but most married teachers offended not in this way. There is no justice in the abstract proposition that a woman should no longer be allowed to teach when she marries. "What better teacher of children than the woman who has children of her own? Who will teach with more heart, more feeling or more sympathy?" the Sun says: "Women bear and rear children and have an instinctive fondness for and love

and understanding of children, and have most to do with their nurture and training." The false prejudice against married teachers will keep the profession full of women who will not teach, do not care to teach, have no attraction to teach after they can marry. They are too often glad to marry and get out of the profession. It doesn't pay." The school teacher, like any other laborer, is worthy of her hire. Her work is difficult, exacting, exhausting, and it grows more so with the growth of fads in teaching, with the constantly increasing requirements of the position which give her no leisure, for almost every hour she is out of the class room she is immersed in some special work of more or less elaborate uselessness. No profession is more honored, theoretically,

than that of the teacher, yet none is so miserably paid as the public school teacher. This is due, probably, to the fact that she doesn't or cannot vote.

Our St. Louis school teachers should be better treated than they are in the matter of pay. Their last miserably small increase in response to their effort to establish a pension fund was only an aggravation of their ill-paid condition. The people should support any movement to better the condition of the teachers, and the present excellent School Board should take up the subject and do something. The proper pay of the teachers, pay commensurate with the intelligence required in the position is fully as important a matter as that of providing public school facilities for the wicked or the unfortunate children in the House of Refuge. It seems to me that the political parties might take up this subject. They are very anxious to please labor, Union Labor, labor with a vote, but they never think of the poor school teacher, whose important work for present and future, for time and eternity, is often as grinding and wearing as that of the woman in the sweat-shop.

Mr. Rabe for Mayor

By W. M. R.

THE gentleman who has been a candidate for Mayor of St. Louis for some months, though running independent of any party, has been the subject of several recent paragraphs in this paper. Mr. John H. Rabe is the principal of the Arlington school and a prominent and progressive educator. He made an independent race for Congress in the Eleventh district some years ago and refused any party indorsements. About two weeks ago the MIRROR suggested Mr. Rabe might be a formidable candidate if he would run on the Socialist ticket, in view of the fact that the Socialist vote at the last election was a sufficient percentage of the total city vote to entitle their candidates to a place on the official ballot without the cumbersome formality of petition. Mr. Rabe, replying to the MIRROR's comment in a letter dated January 8th, says:

"There is much in the Socialist platform that is good, but I don't see how I can get in touch with the Socialist party. It might be a little different with the Meriwether or Public Ownership party. I believe in public ownership of public utilities and voted for most of the people on the ticket at the last election. But that ticket would not receive the same support to-day that it did three years ago, because it is a well-known fact, now, that trading was done to get that ticket in the field. Names were put on for a money consideration.

"I believe at the next election the people will want to know more about the candidates and less about the platform. The candidates must be the embodiment of right principles; they must be honest, intelligent, progressive men, and such public servants will do the things required of them by the people.

"To my mind it is not a difficult matter to frame a progressive platform for an independent ticket, but it seems to me almost an impossibility to get the candidates for such a ticket. If my object in the political game were simply to get an office, I might cater to all the dissatisfied elements of the other parties, promise everything, beforehand, and then let fortune treat me as it sees fit. Getting office is not my first and main object. I want both parties to quit pairing off. We want honest, intelligent men on both tickets from top to bottom.

"With an independent ticket in the field, composed of Democrats and Republicans, men of established character, the old parties would be compelled to do much better, or be defeated. I would not want the independent ticket to have the semblance of

trying to defeat the Republican or the Democratic party; there must be a balance of the two elements on the ticket.

"While I have not been accustomed to preaching the Golden Rule, I have practiced it to the best of my ability in the past, and it shall be my principle of action in politics as well as other business in the future, no matter whether it is known and recognized, or not."

Mr. Rabe's would seem to be a sort of "simple life" platform and programme. His criticism searches out at once the weak point in the Municipal Ownership party. The "deals" with the politicians of the older parties have discredited the leaders and dampened the enthusiasm of the rank and file. The sentiment is strong enough, but the leaders are lacking, or rather the past leaders will not let a new man come to the front. If they can't rule the situation they will let the party die. Mr. Rabe's idea of an independent ticket is a good one, but an independent ticket cannot be framed without an organization. Mr. Rabe believes in men before platforms, and in a sense he is right, but a man running simply as a man and uncommitted to a definite policy could not be elected. The MIRROR does not see why a man aspiring to reform the politics of the city should not accept the good in any platform, however named, and the support of any honest element, Socialist or otherwise. Mr. Rabe is very much in earnest in his reform efforts, but he must appeal to the dissatisfied elements of the old parties if he wants to defeat the evil elements of those parties. Mr. Rabe's plan of procedure is rather nebulous up to date, but he underestimates the situation when he says it is easier to get a platform than to get independent candidates. It should not be hard to get candidates, and good ones, too, at this time, for the reason that *under Folk the elections will be square, the judges and clerks will be straight, the police will not boss the polls, repeaters will not be protected and the votes will be honestly counted.* Now is the time, if ever, that independent candidates can and will get a square deal. Now is the time, if ever, when there is a chance for independent or, if you will, radical opinion to express itself untrammelled at the polls.

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If the Municipal Ownership party still holds to its principles it should come out for them again and stronger, in spite of alleged betrayal in the past. Mr Rabe would appear to incarnate the opportunity of all the real reformers, Municipal Ownership men, Single Taxers, Socialists, etc., at a time especially propitious. If they have votes to cast against the old parties now is the time they can cast them without obstruction, and with the certainty of having them counted—provided the old parties do not steal their thunder. Up to date, Mr. Rabe's candidacy is interesting, even if it needs more aggressiveness, and his

principles need more specific formulation. Mr. Rabe's early entrance in the field may at least have the effect of making the old parties put new ideas into the platforms, but it would be strange if the progressive reformers and radicals should fail to put up a candidate the first time in fifteen years, when if they have any votes to cast they will be fairly counted. Mr. Rabe is a focus for all the strength of the municipal ownership, single tax, socialist and other forms of protest. Shall he be only a voice crying in the wilderness with none to hearken? Now is the time when, under a square deal, protest will not be strangled at the polls.

fair—and got elected quicker than scat. He said she knew how to pull the wires. I wonder if that means she did it all by telephone? Aren't political expressions funny, dear?

Well, Mr. Niedringhaus, when they asked him if he'd be Senator if they wanted him to, said that he'd have to consult with Mrs. Niedringhaus, because he always did just as she told him. Wasn't that perfectly lovely of him? I wonder if they were married with the Episcopal service, and if she or he promised to "obey." Do laugh, Jane, you know I so seldom make a real good joke. But he did talk it over with her, my dear, and said that they discussed the matter until broad daylight one night, and then he decided that it was for the good of the country, and that he would say "yes." Just exactly like any girl's first proposal, and all the anxiety appertaining to which no subsequent one ever causes, eh, Jane?

Well, and he got a lot more votes than Mr. Kerens, though Mrs. Kerens went up to Jefferson City and talked to all the men that were likely to vote for Niedringhaus, and told them what fine fellows they were. And in the Kerens *menage*, my dear, the gray mare is about ninety per cent the better horse, just as all the Kerens girls, Madeleine, who is Mrs. Ed Kenna, and Katheryn, who is Mrs. Capt. McKenna, have more gumption and "git up and git" than the boys. Mrs. N. went up, too, but only to be a moral supporter of her husband, and she didn't do a thing in the foyer—I mean the lobby. That's another political expression, dearest. When you are a real lady and take hold of gentlemen's coats by the lapels, and fasten carnations in their button-holes, while you tell them how well they are looking to-day, and how are all the children, and what a sweet woman their wife is, that's lobbying, and the men always go away and vote for the real lady's husband, or brother, or whatever he is.

But "Henn" Niedringhaus could have had all my votes. Isn't that a fearful nickname, Jane? Three or four women in town, who know her well, call her that. I'd brain them if my name was Henrietta, and they called me "Henn." Awful! She's a real dear, and no mistake. How ever that Woman's Club is going to get on without her I don't know. There are a lot of jealous old cats in that club who never gave her credit for a single thing, and she has been the whole show ever since Mrs. Blair left. Mrs.

Blue Jay's Chatter

"WHO was she?"

Have you ever noticed, Jane, that this is the first question women always and men 'most always ask when somebody comes suddenly into the lime light? I think that I've had this question put to me no less than forty times since Mrs. Tom Niedringhaus got elected to the Senate last Thursday night.

"Who was she?" and never, not even one single time, my dear, "What is she?" We be queer people, Jane, everybody 'except thee and me,' and—well, you know the rest of that quotation.

Just as if it made a speck of difference who Mrs. Tom's ancestors were, when one has all her splen did social record right at hand. But then, Jane, I always was democratic—and nothing did my heart so much good as the Greeley ball, speaking of things democratic. But that can wait for a few minutes while I tell you some more about Mrs. Niedringhaus.

One is always properly fortified for the "W. W. S." interrogation when one comes of old Southern stock, and that is what Mrs. N. has behind her. The family name was Johnson, I believe, and they hailed from Nashville or Memphis, or some town down there.

But do let me begin at the beginning and give you a rational chronicle of these election doings. You see, we had a Republican Senator to appoint in Missouri, and didn't it just drive all the good old Democratic voters half crazy with disgust that such was

the melancholy fact. Uncle Dick Kerens, who has been in politics for "yahs and yahs," as Mrs. Pat Campbell likes to say, was the favorite, and because he knows every Senator in Washington, and because he had a big pull with the Elkins crowd—not that you will know anything about them, nor myself, either, but it sounds nice and political to write that down, Jane—the honest voter thought that Mr. Kerens was about due for the senatorship—a kind of reward of merit, too, for he must have spent a pile of money in politics all his life. Mr. Niedringhaus—not Maud and Lucille's father, but another one—the family is simply infinite in its branches, and they's all rich as Cræsus—who has the nicest pink complexion that I ever saw on mortal man, and who always looks just as if he'd had a good tubbing only ten minutes before you met him, was the chairman of something or other, and worked like a Rough Rider for Teddy Roosevelt in the last campaign, so Teddy caused it to be circulated round in Missouri that Mr. Niedringhaus better be made Senator pretty quick, or we wouldn't get any sugar plums out of the Washington pudding this next four years, and so they made him "it" with large doings up at Jefferson City. Of course, dear, nothing like that was ever said in any of the papers. But I asked father if it wasn't right, and he laughed and said that I better join the Wednesday Club and get Mrs. Philip N. Moore to teach me the game. Father thinks Mrs. Moore is the best politician in town. He said so several years ago, when she ran for some office in some club or other—no, it was a national club af-

Francis isn't a bit enthusiastic over the club, and forbade her daughters-in-law—one was Mimi Smith, you know, and the other some Boston girl who married young Dave—to join. They wanted to belong like fun, but somebody told me that Mrs. F. said not,—that it was no place for young married women, and that they better be at home tending their babies—only Mimi hasn't got any to tend. When Mrs. Lee Benoist heard that, she resigned from the club at once. But nobody knows how to take her resignation. Did she do it because she thinks Mrs. Francis is right, and so doesn't want to be thought of posing a move of a "leading society matron?" Or was it because she thinks any club which Mrs. Francis wouldn't permit her daughters-in-law to join must be a terrible gang, and that they play bridge for too high stakes. Cable your views, dear,—at your own expense, please. All of which reminds me that you'd die laughing if you could hear Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly telling her woman's club experiences. She's a real wit, and getting younger every day. She and that pretty Mrs. Moriarty over whom you used to rave are the widows of the town, you know.

But Mrs. Niedringhaus will sparkle like a diamond in Washington. She's got such lots of "go" in her, and is so lovely and cordial to everybody. And it's a long time since St. Louis has been socially represented in Washington. Miss Cockrell used to shine, and Mrs. Francis made a splurge for awhile, and Mrs. "Charlie" Joy also, but they didn't exactly reach. I'm as pleased as Punch over the whole thing, and if "Henn" doesn't invite us both to visit her when there is something big doing, like Alice Roosevelt's wedding—if that ever comes off—there will be trouble, lots of trouble.

Balls—balls—balls. And then the deluge. We have everything good in a bunch, in this town, and just as soon as the bunch thins out, we don't get anything more until another season. Lois Kilpatrick's was the first, some time ago, only I've not had a moment in which to tell you of it, and now, to be honest, have nearly forgotten what it was like. I went with "Jim" Reynolds, whom I adore, though he is a bit young for such a three-year-old as myself, but he's so jolly and kind of comfortable, and he never forgets to be general and all-round nice in his attentions. I rather think that he likes Nannie Lee better than he does me, but maybe that's only my notion. At all events, I'm saying all the sweet things about Nannie that I can, just to show that there's no hard feeling—yet. Poor Jim broke his leg playing football at the Country Club last week, and so I had to go to the Allen masquerade all alone. Very slow, Jane. Small, too, which is always bad for a fancy dress affair. They ought to be the biggest kinds of things, and rather mixed, you know, so that everybody could flirt like the dickens and enjoy one's self. That New York granddaughter of Mrs. Morrison's, whom I mentioned in my last letter, came down on us like a star-shower. She went as a French maid, and—whew! Did anybody say short skirts? Well, rather. Above her knees, my dear, as I live and breathe! And the fact that it was a black skirt made no difference, either. Of course there is underpinning and underpinning, and I must in all justice to the New York article that we have "in our midst," declare that hers is the real thing. Small foot, slim ankle and well-rounded interim between said ankle and garter, since you insist on details, Jenny Wren. A splendid pair of "spools!" She came late, just before we unmasked, and bounced into the ball-room like a genuine ballet girl, with a first rate *pas*, don't you know. The men were wild.

They formed a circle, joined hands, and galloped round her, and had all kinds of fun. (so did she, too), thinking that it must be some frisky St. Louis girl who would run away when the masks came off. Judge of their consternation when she turned out to be a perfect stranger. But she's the gamest ever, and never blinked an eye. I liked her immensely, and goodness knows, we're slow enough this winter to take with thanks all the New York ginger that sprinkles our way. Her clothes are the despair of everybody. She brought twenty-five trunks filled with Paris gowns, and they all are made after the most stunning styles you ever saw, and covered with gold until you can't rest. She wore a red one at her grandmother's big ball on Monday night that reminded me of the spangled "creation" Mrs. Norman E. Mack used to spring on us last summer, with a mound of gold grapes on the top of her head. It was a sight, I mean Mrs. Mack's.

Eugenia Howard came out at a ball two weeks ago, given at the Woman's Club. Fine floor and lots of room, but the supper wasn't in it with the St. Louis Club affairs. You can't beat that chef in a thousand years. Nor that trained club service, either. The Horatio N. Davises gave Ada a ball at the latter club that same week, and everybody spoke of the contrast in suppers. We do live to eat, Jane, and no mistake about it. And the men always get so cross if the champagne isn't flowing in rivers.

But let me see if I can't remember some more costumes of your old pals at the *Allen bal masque*. George Reynolds and one of the Gambles were German Hussars, just alike; and Hugh McK. Jones and Nellie Tracey went as *Siegfried* and *Brunhilde*, very handsome get-ups both of them; and little Mary Allen fooled us all. She was a pussy, in the cutest cat costume I ever saw, and as she is rather small, everybody thought she was one of the Allen children, just funning, you know, until she pulled off her mask. Dean Glasgow was too lazy to rig up, and wore a domino. Lots of the men did that. They always do. Gerard Allen was the most glorious piece of color I ever laid eyes on. You know how pink his hair is. Well, he wore an orange satin outfit. Judith Hoblitzelle was "Bo Peep," with a lamb under her arm, and Karl Hoblitzelle, everybody knew at once in a Jefferson Guard costume. Mildred Stickney wore one of the very prettiest costumes there—a French affair in red and black, short poster skirt, with long scarlet gloves and big red hat and red hose and slippers. It was awfully becoming after she unmasked. The Kilpatrick girls were French dolls and Ralph McKittrick was some kind of a courtier in splendid satin and lace ruffles. It was not large, you know. Only about forty or fifty people.

Then two nights afterwards came the Charles Greeley ball. Gladys is the most independent girl in town. She said some time ago to Margaret Lee and myself that nobody was going to help make out her list, and that she proposed to invite only her friends, and that no others need apply. You know it has gotten to be the custom when anybody gives a large ball here, to have some man help, and make out the names of all the available currency in the way of men that can be gathered together. When the Wickhams gave that ball for Frances last winter, they hardly knew half the men on the floor, so somebody told me. But Gladys wouldn't have it that way, and there were just stacks of men, too, for she is, I think, the most popular girl of the season. Everybody likes her, and she seems to like everybody.

Julia Maffitt's cotillion was the next ball, and by far the most expensive affair that has been given

this winter. The Maffitts do entertain beautifully. Their favors were all the prettiest things—wings for the girls made of real feathers, Jane, and a big air-ship, out of which we pulled fancy caps, and I can't begin to tell you all the doings. The tall Bell girl, who is reported engaged to Julius Walsh, came up for this dance. Julius didn't bring her, though, for the Walshes are all in mourning for their aunt, Miss Estelle Dickson, the artist, who painted those lovely "Mistletoe" pictures and hazy kind of things that you liked so well. They denied being engaged last year, for Julius thought that he might get a chance to grow a little if they waited a bit, I guess. Miss Bell is a whole head taller than he, and almost as big and fine looking—I should say—as Mrs. Tony Faust, Jr. The latter was Adine Bouvier, a stage beauty. That reminds me that I hear from San Francisco that our dear darling of the gods, Blanche Bates, is engaged to a fine fellow named Dick Hotaling. And again speaking of the Fausts, I see the charming Mrs. Gianini home again from Europe. I wish I could blush as she does, she's so modest. I once asked her sparkling "pal," Ellie Limberg, Mrs. Rudy, how Mollie blushed so and she said "Oh, that's easy. She just thinks of something that makes her blush." Ellie still is distinguished for her pretty hats and her vivacity, and she's forsworn the higher Bohemianism she used to affect.

Caroline Lackland is the prettiest bud this season, at least, every one seems to think and to say so. I admire her very much. She has such a nice, unaffected manner, though Chaffraix says she is getting spoiled. But did you ever know a brother of a beauty that didn't think she was spoiled? Caroline wore pale blue chiffon at the Maffitt cotillion, and looked good enough to eat. Then the next night came the St. Louis Club dinner and dance, and we all went again. Really the pace last week was terrific, and on Monday night was Mrs. Morrison's ball, which I've no time to describe now, for Miss Kelley. Bless me, I almost forgot to say that I've not seen Frank Hirschberg, our *arbitrator elegantiarum*, anywhere. I wonder if his function as master of ceremonies during the Fair, exhausted him. Funny thing: at the theater the other night a friend came over to me and said, almost groaning, "Oh, have you seen that glorious ermine cape in the box? I had. Who was it? I didn't know, but I inquired, and Park von Wedelstaedt told me. It was Mrs. Cella—the wife of the head of the big gambling syndicate here. I wonder if the gambling syndicate is going to burgle into society, as it has into politics—but why not? There are people in society who robbed us on Transit stock, you know. And as for gambling in society, why, there's the poker sharps at the St. Louis Club, then there's bridge, and some one in the Union Club has been almost caught using crooked or loaded dice at "craps," and a San Francisco fellow named Mizner was bounced from the University Club for fine work at poker, they tell me.

Two engagements are rumored, both old friends of yours—Francine Lucas to some young chap by the name of Kelly, whom I don't know, and Margery Oliver—the older one—to Chester Burg, a big boy with red cheeks, who belongs to Battery A, and is very popular with the men of that military set. Speaking of Battery A, I wonder if gallant Capt. Frank Rumbold is ever going to marry. It was said he was going to last year, but he didn't. Well, there's nothing new in town, except Billy Steer's automobile—he's Harry Turner's latest victim, and the wonder is that Billy hasn't yet jammed his machine through one of the skyscrapers. As I think of

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N. E. SAGE, Manager.

Billy Steer, I naturally call to mind Jack Leahy, his brother-in-law, now the model hubby of the town, who used to be—well, zip, bing, sizz-boom-ah! Yes, indeed, goes in for church, Irish patriotism and all that sort of thing. It's said he's slowly converting Billy to pious ways. And Mrs. Jack Leahy grows

prettier as she grows—well, as she progresses. Well—I'll chop off here. Ta-ta. Don't forget those Bon Marche gloves you promised, and do find out if it's true about Ellis Wainwright—that he's coming back, and that he'll marry when he gets here. Ever thine,
BLUE JAY.

in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of, he suffers; what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the market-place. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the balance for gold."

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," said the young Student, "and play upon the stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her;" and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering after a sunbeam.

The Nightingale and the Rose

By Oscar Wilde

"SHE said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for the want of a red rose is my life made wretched."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night have I sung to him, though I knew him not; night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow."

"The Prince gives a ball to-morrow night," murmured the young Student, "and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped

TEXAS

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COTTON BELT ROUTE,

Union Station.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a Daisy to his neighbor,
in a soft, low voice.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Night-
ingale.

"For a red rose!" they cried; "how very ridicu-
lous!" And the little Lizard, who was something of
a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the
Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree,
and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight,
and soared into the air. She passed through the grove
like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the
garden.

In the center of the grass-plot was standing a
beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it, she flew
over to it, and lit upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing
you my sweetest song."

But the tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered; "as white as
the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon
the mountain. But go to my brother who grows
round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give what
you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that
was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing
you my sweetest song."

But the tree shook its head.

"My roses are yellow," it answered; "as yellow as
the hair of the mermaid who sits upon an amber
throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in
the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe.

But go to my brother who grows beneath the Stu-
dent's window, and perhaps he will give you what
you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that
was growing beneath the Student's window.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing
you my sweetest song."

But the tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered, "as red as the
feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of
coral that wave and wave in the ocean-cavern. But
the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has
nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my
branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Night-
ingale; "only one red rose! Is there no way by which
I can get it?"

"There is a way," answered the tree, "but it is so
terrible that I dare not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me," said the Nightingale; "I am not
afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the tree, "you must
build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with
your own heart's blood. You must sing to me with
your breast against a thorn. All night long you must
sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart,
and your life's blood must flow into my veins, and
become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose,"
cried the Nightingale, "and Life is very dear to all.
It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch
the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her
chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn,
and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley,
and the heather that blows on the hill. Yet Love is

better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird com-
pared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and
soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a
shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the
grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass,
where she had left him, and the tears were not yet
dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you
shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music
by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's blood.
All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a
true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though
she is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is
mighty. Flame-colored are his wings, and colored
like flame is his body. His lips are sweet as honey,
and his breath is like frankincense."

The Student looked up from the grass, and lis-
tened, but he could not understand what the Night-
ingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things
that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he
was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built
her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered; "I shall
feel very lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her
voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song, the Student got
up, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of
his pocket.

"She has form," he said to himself, as he walked
away through the grove—"that cannot be denied to
her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In

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fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not seem to mean anything, or do any practical good." And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the topmost spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvelous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river—pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn. As the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, as the shadow of a rose in a water-pool, so was the rose that blossomed on the topmost spray of the Tree.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid.

And the delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But

the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's heart's blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvelous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and a film came over her eyes. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking in her throat.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo bore it to her purple cavern in the hills, and woke the sleeping shepherds from their dreams. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

"Look, look!" cried the Tree; "the rose is finished now." But the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

"Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!" he cried. "Here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it

has a long Latin name;" and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," cried the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it to-night next your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you."

"But the girl frowned.

"I am afraid it will not go with my dress," she answered; "and, besides, the Chamberlain's nephew sent me some real jewels that cost far more than flowers."

"Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful," said the Student angrily, and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cart-wheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" said the girl. "I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don't believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain's nephew has." And she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing Love is," said the Student as he walked away. "It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite impractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics.

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

AT THE PLAY

BY W. M. R.

The Girl From Kay's.

Sam Bernard, as *Hoggenheimer*, very rich, is a fairly funny, if coarse, caricature of a Jew. It would be a funnier role if not so coarse, and if the suggestiveness were toned down all through the play. The play is English, therefore just a little stupid. If the thing had been done in France it would have sparkle. But as an English production, the beef and beer shows suddenly through the glitter. "The Girl from Kay's," is not up to the mark of our Yankee clip. Ernest Lambert, as *Percy Fitzthistle*, is a long, lank, drawling burlesque of James Whitcomb Riley, termed dudelet in London, and George Howard, as *Harry Gordon*, looks like Dry Dollar Tim Sullican of New York. George Honey has a small part, not up to his merits, and George R. Sprague, as a choleric parent, was so veritistic Sunday night that he fell all over the stage. Hattie Williams, as the girl from Kay's, is striking in her Tipperary type of beauty, her toned-down Maggie Cline swish and swagger and she sings the "Customer at Kay's" with much vivacity, while her "Egypt" song is fetching and interesting, as a bloomin' British experiment in darky melody. Katherine Hutchinson, as *Norah Chalmers*, is witchingest, just as she leaves the stage, showing her profile and singing "Semi-Detached." Grace Dudley's *Ellen* is piquant without intensity of tabasco. She has two fairly good songs, and she dances with formal friskiness. Kathleen Clifford has a special dance that attracts. The songs, other than those mentioned, which seem to catch on are "Lucy Lindy Lady," by the Pierrot quartette, "Mrs. Hoggenheimer of Park Lane," and "I Love You All the Time." The song London liked, "Matilda and the Builder," falls flat. Sam Bernard's

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singing is not what it was but—"sufficiency."

The Royal Chef.

'Tis a sparkling broth we find concocted around "The Royal Chef," at the cosy Garrick. Musically, the thing is an ollapodrida. There are echoes of a dozen latter-day musical-comedy numbers in the piece, but we don't expect Offenbach and von Suppe these days. Still all we want we get, jingle, light, graceful motion, wit, of a sort, and humor, of a sort too, both at times antique enough to put you out of sorts, and some feminine pulchritude and shapeliness. Marie Glazier is *chic*, which is alike in sound, but different in significance, to "cheek." Stella Tracy is attractive and melodic. Harry Leone sings winningly to the galleries and the parquet, and Dave Lewis holds his own, every time she comes his way on the stage, with much thespian skill. "The Royal Chef" is a tip-top show; not great, but one that should and, happily, will fill the pretty Garrick all this week. The Garrick, by the way, has caught on in a way that shows the house was needed.

Earl of Pawtucket.

At the Century is "The Earl of Pawtucket," a comedy with enough comedy in it for four plays, and all of it crisp, sharply defined, delicately drawn, the essence of the best meaning of that vile word genteel. The play is Augustus Thomas at his best. Lawrence D'Orsay is the *Earl*, a charming, blunderous, bashful, honest, thoroughly gentlemanly Britisher, in an excruciating maze and daze and craze of misunderstanding, but, always, even when most absurd or rather preposterous—if you'll note the exact meaning of that word—wholly lovable. The situations are natural, not mere stage tricks of double doors and patent stock complications, and the dialogue is deliciously neat and pat, with a dryly keen, sly sarcasm and clean satire in it. The man who makes all the trouble, the pivotal character, in fact, is never seen or heard. The *Earl's* valet is good. Florence Robertson is sprightly, even to one who has seen Bessie Tyree in the cast, but D'Orsay is the feature of the show, because he doesn't have to be other than his natural self.

M'liss.

At the Imperial is Nellie McHenry in "M'liss," an old show, but good as ever it was in the early seventies. Nellie McHenry—what a flood of reminiscence rises at the name. It carries one back to the days of Nate Salisbury in "Green Room Fun," at the old Pope's theater, on the site of the present Century. "M'liss" is Bret Harte at his earliest best, and it still bears a savor of the mountain pines. It is primeval drama, and how it *does* grip the audience!

Dunn.

Arthur Dunn is as outrageously un-beautiful and funny as ever in "The Runaway," at the Grand. The show keeps its effervescent quality after four years, and that's real vitality for a show these days, though, perhaps, its life is due more to Dunn than to the librettist, if that's what you call the concocter of the lines of such plays. All the girls are pretty and smart and the costumes bright and neat.

Zoe Mou.

A girl with the promise of sure intelligent performance in her future, appears as the page in "Romeo and Juliet," with the Odeon stock company this week. She is Miss Zoe Akins, daughter of the Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and her personality, even in its unaccustomed set-

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ting, enforces itself on the attention in a strikingly good, if uneven, rendition of the great love-tragedy of Verona. The Odeon stock deserves more support from local playgoers than it has as yet received.

Cecilia, also known as "Cissy" Loftus will make her appearance at the Century as the star in Israel Zangwill's "The Serio-Comic Governess," on Sun-

day night, January 15. Miss Loftus is well remembered for her versatile talents and many successes of the past, but she has never been seen in such a part as she plays in the Century's coming attraction. It is said to suit her peculiar talents to a nicety. Supporting her in the play are the same actors and actresses who appeared in the New York production. Among them are H. Reeves Smith, Herbert Standing,

George S. Spencer, William J. Butler, Emmet Shackelford, Julia Dean, Eva Vincent, Florence Worden, Paula Gloy, Rose Hubbard and Mrs. Robinson Haywood.

The injury which Mrs. Patrick Campbell recently suffered in Philadelphia will not cause a "dark" house at the Olympic where she was to have appeared next week, commencing Sunday night, as the management was fortunate enough to secure an attraction which is of fresh interest, Virginia Harned in "The Lady Shore." Miss Harned is well liked by local theater goers, and has always proved a good drawing card here. As Lady Shore, the English goldsmith's wife who becomes a King's favorite only to come to grief through the Duke of Gloucester's intrigue, Miss Harned will have a part thoroughly suitable to her genius. The role of Duke will be taken by John Blair, an actor, who once was leading support to Mrs. Campbell in all the plays of her repertoire. "Lady Shore" is elaborately staged and is presented by a company numbering 100 persons. It runs the emotional scale quite completely.

"The Strollers" presented by a high-class company, will be next week's attraction at the Grand Opera House.

Next week the attraction at the Imperial will be "Happy Hooligan" a production based on the comic supplement character which has been seen here before.

The new Gay Masqueraders Company is presenting a first class bill at the Standard this week. Two extravaganzas "Count No Account" and "A Trip to Coney Island" furnish great amusement and the vaudeville numbers are numerous. Reilly and Woods will be the show next week.

"The Royal Chef," this week's attraction at the new Garrick will continue there next week. New songs new dances and new diversions generally are promised by the management. The production has been drawing well.

"Yep," said the Indian, "I tramped ten miles for nothing."

"How was that?"

"Bill Jones's wife sent word for us all to come over for a luncheon, an' we thought the note said a lynchin'. Now I'll have to buy a new pair of shoes at Swope's, 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis."

North American Investment Co.

The annual meeting of the directors of the North American Investment Company of the United States in their home office, Odd Fellows Building, St. Louis held on Monday, Jan. 9, the following were chosen to be directors for the ensuing year: R. L. Maupin, O. F. Pearson, Dr. W. A. McCandless, Wm. F. Goessling, J. A. Norton, Dr. Bransford Lewis, H. B. Cocke, Henry E. Pauk, Dr. G. H. Wilson, and G. L. Williams. At the meeting of the directors held Tuesday, Jan. 10, the following were chosen as officers: R. L. Maupin, President; O. F. Pearson, Vice President, Dr. Bransford Lewis, Second Vice President; J. A. Norton, Secretary; G. L. Williams, Treasurer; H. B. Cocke, Auditor; and Claud D. Hall, Counsel. The annual statement submitted showed that the company closed its year with assets of \$722,843.38. The company began business thirty-three months ago with a paid in capital of \$125,000. On the last day of the old year the concern increased its protection deposit with the state treasurer at Jefferson City to \$350,000, this being now the largest security deposit for the protection of investors made by any company doing a similar business either in this country or abroad. The company

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NEW BOOKS

"Far from the Madding Girls," completed by Guy Wetmore Carryl just before his death is issued by McClure-Phillips. In it he has a lot of fun with bachelors, and in a good-natured way banters all that crew of young men who self-sufficiently have decided that bachelorhood is good enough for them. The story tells of a young bachelor who builds himself a house in seclusion, and sets up house-keeping, and of a young lady with cleverness rather than beauty who makes herself charming enough to upset his bacheloric plans. There are illustrations by Peter Newell.

A volume which bears the stamp of authority is the Rev. Dr. Robert Hamill Nassau's "Fetichism in West Africa." Dr. Nassau has been almost continuously since 1861 a missionary among the tribes in that section of the Dark Continent and has given fetichism a close study. His book is almost as interesting in a way as any of the works of adventure or discovery written about Africa, since a history of fetichism necessarily involves the detailing of all the doings and characteristics of the various people. Fetichism is the warp and woof of the African's mental life, it is responsible for his strange customs, and quite governs all his daily affairs. Dr. Nassau goes deeply into the subject. He discusses the philosophy that may underlie the fetich belief and builds up an interesting and true picture of the wild and weird life and peoples in the great continent. The volume is issued by the Scribners, of New York.

The personal habits of philosophers have always a quaint interest to less extraordinary mortals. Herbert Spencer's secretary, Mr. James Collier, writing a chapter of personal reminiscence for Professor Josiah Royce's "Herbert Spencer," published by Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, gives some piquant details. While dictating, he says, Spencer always "smoked a cigar to promote the flow of thought—the cigar carefully cut

in two to avoid excess." He tells us, too, that Spencer's practice was "to break into a run whenever he fell into a train of thought." And of course the great philosopher wore unconventional clothes. He would not go to evening parties unless he could wear what he liked—and on receiving permission to come in any garb he chose, usually stayed home anyway.

Miss Agnes C. Laut has taken a small piece of disputed history and fashioned it into a very readable volume, "The Pathfinders of the West," recently brought out by the Macmillan Company, of New York. According to her narrative, neither Marquette, Joliet or La Salle were the pathfinders of the West, but that Sieur Pierre Esprit Rodisson and Sieur Medard Chouart Groseiller, two poor, persecuted adventurers and fur traders of Three Rivers, Quebec, are entitled to all the glory. These men, according to the author, were deprived of fame and fortune by the combined enmity of England and France, but she seeks to immortalize them in her volume. Besides Rodisson's discovery of the Northwest, Miss Laut tells of La Vevendrye's search for the Western sea, of Samuel Hearne's quest of the Northwest passage, of the discoveries of Mackenzie, "first across the Rockies," and of the great Lewis and Clark expedition. There are illustrations by Remington, Goodwin, Marchand and others.

Under the title, "Phyllis' Field Friends," Lenore E. Mulets presents a series of little nature books in which the scientific facts about flowers, insects, birds are so arranged and narrated as to furnish pleasant reading for a child. Legends, myths, poems and songs are also sprinkled through the work and the illustrations are particularly good. The books are from the press of L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Their price is \$1 each.

A story for boys by almost a new writer is "Isle of Black Fire," by Howard R. Garis, which has just been published with illustrations by Gordon Grant. It is a story of the search for an island on which a shipwrecked sailor has declared there lives a race of fire-worshippers whose temple contains an enormous lump of radium. The party of searchers, composed of mining engineers, the captain of the vessel, the crew, and three boys who are the heroes, locate the island, have experiences with strange animals, and a desperate fight with the natives, who attack the ship. The book is from the J. B. Lippincott press of Philadelphia.

"Blanchefleur the Queen," by Ashmore Wingate, is an epic of the days of France under Charlemagne, which is soon to issue from the press of John Lane, New York. It is written in blank verse, with occasional songs. The first book sets the story of the cure from leprosy of Sir Piers the Bold by miraculous intercession in reward for the self-sacrifice of Clotilde, his betrothed.

ARTISTIC

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The second book recounts the legend of Clerk Abelard, presenting it as a tale told to the court by the chronicler, a story of a contract with the devil, like many legends from the same time on the general Faust pattern. The story of Queen Hildegard, called Blanchefleur, and her deliverance from Macaire, who is worsted in the lists by her good knight, Sir Amys, is told in a later division; and there follows the story of her leading her own troops, clad in armor like Joan of Arc, and her fall in battle and the recovery of the body. In the vision of Eginhard, which closes the book, the presumptuous attempt to remove relics of two saints from their resting place in Rome to a new French retreat, calls down upon the land an onslaught of the Viking foe, which is arrested by the appearance of Charlemagne in person to protect his frontier.

Harold McGrath's latest novelty in fiction, "The Man on the Box," just issued from the press of Bobbs, Merrill & Co., is a fascinating story with an unusual plot, droll situations and free from a superfluity of sentimentalism. It is a lively tale, too. It deals with the prank of a practical joker, a fashionable young man who selects his sister and sister-in-law as his victims. The ladies having gone to the opera, he, disguised as a coachman, calls to drive them home. He lashes the horses into a mad pace and pursued in vain by the police, the occupants of the vehicle are well nigh terror-stricken, when the carriage suddenly stops in front of a fashionable home and the driver throws open the door, seizes a lady in his arms and kisses her—only to find she is not either sister or sister-in-law. He is arrested and the lady causes him to be fined but pays the bill, on condition that he become her groom. Then he finds himself in love with his imperious employe, but the finale of the tale leads one to suspect that she knew his identity all the while. At any rate it is a good, robust story of improbabilities.

Molly (in romantic mood, as they drive along)—I wonder why the leaves turn crimson in the fall?

Cholly (caustically)—Oh, because there are so many bare limbs around.

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TO THE WILD PIGEONS

BY CHANG YOW TONG

[Mr. Chang came to this country as Secretary to the Chinese Commission at the Exposition, and he was very popular in society. He has made a careful study of the English language and literature and devoted himself to poetry. He published last summer an unique volume of verse dedicated to Universal Peace, and descriptive of the beauties of the great Fair. The following poem, from the New York Independent, perhaps illustrates some of the delicacy of Chinese thought and the writer's mastery of a difficult tongue to which he came a stranger.—EDITOR.]

What's that I hear among the bowers,
High up amid the leafy towers,
With muffled notes so low and deep.
They make me pause to upward peep.
Ah, now I spy the birds that cry:
"Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo."

Perched on a banyan bough above,
A pigeon wild declares its love
And vows to be forever true,
And to its love it says: "O do
Allow me, Sweet, in this retreat,
To woo, to woo, to woo."

The maiden bird is very shy,
And holds the coveted reply,
To further test the gallant bird,
Then says: "On thy own solemn word
Do promise me thy constancy,
O do, O do, O do!"

With trembling wings half open out,
The courtier now does step about
To show his joy, and to his queen
He bows and gives a kiss; between
The boughs above the two make love,
Make love, make love, make love.

Ah! happy is your narrow lot,
With bliss beyond the poet's thought,
Unknown to cares beneath the shade
Where human sorrows ne'er invade.
I envy you, with trials few,
I do, I do, I do.

With simple wants and simple life,
You soar above all human strife;
Man craves for more the more he gets,
And still for more he sighs and frets,
Till he be laid beneath the shade—
Too true, too true, too true.

Fly not away ye pigeons gay,
But teach me wisdom of your way
That I may learn to pleasure find,
Not all in wealth, but all in mind.
Teach me, in brief, to shun man's grief.
Will you? will you? will you?

"Man boasts of wisdom and foresight,
And claims the gift of higher light,
But when his follies are well known,
Undoubtedly you each must own
That man on earth is from his birth
A fool, a fool, a fool."

"Man boasts of intellectual powers,
And plans his schemes in midnight hours;
And hoards more than his present need,
While we plant not nor gather seed.
You toil with pain, we eat your grain,
O fool, O fool, O fool."

"Break not thy heart for honors vain,
Nor try to empty glory gain,
But seek these woodland bowers to dream
Beside this winding, shining stream
That daily sings and pleasure brings.
Adieu, adieu, adieu."

A HANDSOME RESTAURANT

St. Louis has many restaurants that are a delight to the eye as well as a source of comfort to the inner man. In fact, some of them may well be pointed out as among the attractions of the city. Foremost in the list is Lippe's, which for costliness, beauty and originality of design and perfection in management, has no superior in any city in the United States or abroad. It occupies the entire basement floor of the Chemical Building, on the northeast corner of Eighth and Olive streets, the largest building in the city, and affords accommodations for several hundred guests.

No prettier, more comfortable, convenient or restful spot can be found. The furnishings are simply beautiful and are of a variety that lends a decided charm to the whole interior. The extensive floor space has been most judiciously laid out to suit, not the demands of trade, but the requirements of artistic effect. No handsomer or more exclusive apartments for private dinner parties, banquets or even tete-a-tete luncheons can be imagined. Lippe's is in fact unlike every other restaurant in St. Louis and has many original features which are not known elsewhere.

The special room devoted to ladies where they may congregate after shopping or other business is transacted, is one of the handsomest. It is known as the ladies' dining room and is thoroughly exclusive. No other St. Louis restaurant possesses such a feature. The apartment is noted for its coziness and daintiness and its concealment from the view of other patrons of the house. That this feature of Lippe's is appreciated is evidenced every day by the gathering of ladies going to and from business or theaters.

Then there is the Mosaic room with its mirrored Pompeian walls, tiled marble floor and other exquisite furnishings. This room furnishes accommodations for fifty persons and is specially adapted to party dinners and banquets.

The Flemish room, a most beautiful apartment, is a veritable gentlemen's club room. On a big round reading table are to be found all the leading publications and magazines and about the room are rich Flemish oak tables and chairs. The walls are done in subdued tints of red and yellow, which harmonize with the furnishings and cast a most cheerful glow over all. Rare old china pieces, pottery and bronzes surmounting the wall furnishings complete the perfect picture. The Flemish room is one of the most popular spots in the city. It is a gathering place for many notable men of the city and quite a number of them have given the title, "The Roost," to one of its alcoves, where they rejoice to hold their regular gatherings. And still another crowd, "The Cascade Club," hold forth in another part of the room.

Lippe's is, in short, a series of handsome apartments and artistic effects. But the luxuriousness of the environment does not detract in the least from the standard of the cuisine. The patron does

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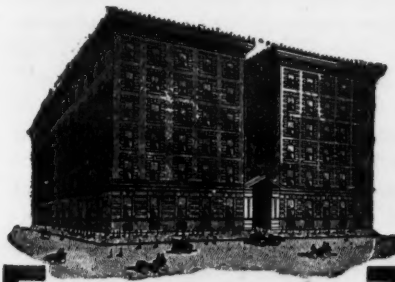
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not pay for the artistic effects. He pays for the food, and the best the market affords is supplied at Lippe's at prices the same as those prevailing in other restaurants. It is a perfectly appointed establishment and has the patronage of a large number of St. Louisans as well as visitors.



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THE STOCK MARKET

The tendency in stock market values latterly has been variable. Firmness alternated with weakness. On the bulges holders did a good deal of realizing. Declines were followed by sharp rallies, in some instances at least, or wherever the bears had been overdoing the selling for short account. Transactions were less magnitudinous. The public did not seem disposed to follow "tips" eagerly and indiscriminately. A disposition could be noticed to go slow, to think a little bit, to compare notes and figures. In short, the past week's market, subsequent to the decision handed down in the Northern Securities case by the Federal Court of Appeals, was strangely in an atmosphere of conservatism, which contrasted strangely with that dare-devil, aggressive optimism of two or three weeks ago. There can be no question but that it requires incessant, vigorous and well-directed effort on the part of the multifarious cliques to keep prices from crumbling away. Were it not for the prevalent spirit of hopefulness in the financial and industrial community in general, the bulls would have hard, stiff, up-hill work in their campaign for higher quotations.

The action of the market after the announcement of the opinion in the Northern Securities case indicated plainly that everything favorable had been discounted. The nervous, quick rise that followed the news from the courtroom led to hasty, energetic selling on the part of those who had been doing anticipatory buying for the past month or so. As is usual in cases of this kind, some outsiders threw discretion to the wind when Wall street pretended to be enthused over the decision and its probable effects and bearings, and hastened to purchase more stocks than might prove good for them. They seemed to imagine that there would at once be a magic change in the entire railroad and financial world, that the distribution of Northern Pacific shares according to Hill's original plan would promptly inaugurate a whoop-and-a-hurrah bull campaign. Of course, no experienced, sensible person expected anything

of that kind. There was no special reason for looking for sky-rocket performances on account of developments that had been discounted for months previous.

Reports are now current that the Hariman faction will take an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. If this appeal is taken, it will speedily do away with the notion that the contending factions are already at peace one with another and that the public announcement of an amicable settlement will soon be made. True, there still is good reason to believe that peaceable arrangements may yet be made before the Supreme Court at Washington takes the case under advisement, but, in the meanwhile, matters will remain very much in statu quo. When the difficulties are finally settled, one way or the other, it will no doubt be found that everything has been more than discounted. In other words, the ultimate outcome, especially if it should favor the Hill contingent, will fall flat upon a languidly interested speculatively community. In view of this, the shrewd trader will pay but scant attention hereafter to news connected with the Northern Securities case. There's positively nothing, judging by present appearances, on which any trader of common sense could base any predictions of a sharp advance on Northern Securities developments.

The strength in Erie looks suspicious. Undoubtedly, it is chiefly sentimental and manipulative. The course of Reading issues in the last few months seems to have stimulated a strong appetite for anthracite coal shares. There's an impression abroad that any old anthracite coal stock may be bought with impunity; that each and every one is a dead sure thing, and bound eventually to rise above par. That Erie common is a fair speculation cannot be denied; the stock appears to be well handled, and the company is piling up good-sized annual surpluses. But it would be more than questionable policy for the directors to initiate dividend payments on the common within the near future. Extensive improvements are necessary and must be made by the

company, if it intends to cope with the keen competition of other rival lines. If the Erie Company were at the present time pursuing that policy of general management and improvement which has been in vogue for some year on the Pennsylvania and New York Central, there would be no dividend payments at all, not even on the first preferred.

It is to be presumed that certain Wall street houses have been instructed to protect Erie issues wherever and whenever necessary and even, general speculative conditions permitting it, to advance quotations as much as possible, so as to facilitate the flotation of new capital issues, which become more imperative as time goes by. Londoners

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CLAUD D. HALL, Counsel.

The North American Investment Co., of the United States, St. Louis, Missouri.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DECEMBER 31, 1904.

ASSETS.	
Missouri State Deposit	\$350,000.00
Michigan State Deposit	1,993.60
Premiums on Stocks and Bonds	5,376.60
Loans on Stocks, etc.	111,902.95
Mortgage Loans	76,558.65
Stocks and Bonds	11,400.00
Furniture and Fixtures	7,465.03
Interest Accrued	11,671.19
Cash in Banks	146,475.36
Total	\$722,843.38

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock, Full Paid	\$125,000.00
Liabilities Accrued to Investors	327,829.04
All Other Liabilities	125,614.94
Bills Payable—NONE.	
Surplus and Undivided Profits	144,399.40
Total	\$722,843.38

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are undoubtedly still much interested in Erie shares. They have ever had a special fondness for them, in spite of all the many grievous disappointments which they experienced as a result of over-capitalization, foolish financial policies and disastrous reorganizations. The Erie is known to be one of the special proteges of J. P. Morgan, just as the Reading was and still is. It would, therefore, not be surprising in the least if venturesome buyers of Erie common on all good setbacks would be amply rewarded in the not distant future. As a speculation, the stock merits particular attention. Whether it would be advisable, however, to buy at present quotations, may be gravely questioned by conservative people.

Feeling on United States Steel shares is mixed. The bull faction appears to be still in the ring, though it is not quite intelligible how it could give the shares a further sharp lift. For reasons of general strategy, it would seem that a decline of from 8 to 10 points would not be a bad thing. There are too many weak holdings, especially in the common. These should be shaken out before a resumption of the upward movement. Both classes of shares have had a very sharp advance. It was only ten months ago when the preferred sold at 49 and the common below 9. As a rule, it is poor policy to buy after a rise of such proportions as has already taken place in these shares. To buy at the top may be fashionable, but is always foolish. To one who reaps profits on purchases of this kind, made after values have already risen from 20 to 30 points, there are thousands who get burned, and that very badly.

The proposed plan of the Atchison management to issue \$50,000,000 new 4 per cent. bonds convertible into a like amount of common stock raises lots of dust in New England, where stockholders of the company are making severe strictures upon the financial methods of President Ripley and his advisers. As stated in these columns about three weeks ago, the latest borrowing plan is indefensible and in violation of pledges given in the reorganization plan of some seven years ago. The protesting shareholders have good reason to lodge strenuous kicks. Their rights are being jeopardized through the persistent borrowing of the company. This may not be apparent to the Wall street trader, but is perfectly plain to prudent people. However, there's but little reason to believe that the protests will avail. The \$50,000,000 will be borrowed, and the company's financial burden thereby enormously increased. It is de rigueur nowadays to pay dividends with borrowed money. While the common shareholder of the Atchison receives 4 per cent. his legal and pecuniary interests are being injured to the extent of twenty per cent. There are numerous variations upon "frenzied finance."

The security markets in London and Paris suffered from depression in the last few days. There's evidently something wrong, or out of gear, in Paris, where the Russia political situation is viewed with growing consternation. There are strong fears of internal troubles and disorder. French investors, as is well known, own thousands of millions of francs of Russian government bonds. If the Manchurian war should last a year longer, the Paris market would unquestionably be seriously affected through heavy liquidation on the part of weak or uneasy holders. London and Berlin are also glutted with Russian bonds. Add to all this the borrowing requirements of the Japanese government and you will be able to see before your mind's eye a faint picture of the dismal phantoms which frighten European financiers and speculators in their Saturday night dreams.

The monetary situation in New York is weaker. Gold exports and the urgent demand for funds from various rail-

road and other corporations begin to make inroads upon the banks' resources. Of course, it is still probable that the return flow of currency from the interior will be in sufficient volume to prevent anything like a serious sapping of foundations. At this writing, the surplus reserves of the Associated banks are the smallest for more than a decade. Compared with the exhibits of a year ago at this time, they make, indeed, a very poor showing.

If they should be, startling developments are bound to ensue.

From what has been said above, the conclusion will and must be drawn that the Wall street situation is slowly changing in favor of the bruins. It is, therefore, no wonder that the market shows a weakening tendency. Political gossip in Washington, the National City Bank's scandalous connection with a late suspension in New York, and the deterioration in the money situation, all combined to perplex and harass the bull faction.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There was comparatively little activity on the floor of the St. Louis stock exchange in the past week. Trading was of an unimportant character. There was again a plenteousness of bidding, but very small actual business resulted therefrom. Holders, in most instances, are not inclined to make concessions to any extent. From a broker's standpoint, the situation is not encouraging.

The United Railways Company has cancelled the \$3,000,000 bonds, which, at the time of the organization of the company, were set aside for the purpose of absorbing the Suburban. From this it must be inferred that all probability of such absorption has utterly vanished. The preferred shares of the United Railways Company are somewhat lower in quotations; the last sale was made at 69½. The common certificates are unchanged; 21¼ is bid; offerings are being made at 21½ and 21¾. The 4 per cent bonds are dull; the last sale of a \$1,000 bond was made at 86. The gross earnings of the company, for 1904, show a gain of \$2,693,000 over the Transit Co.'s earnings for 1903.

St. Louis (Broadway) 5s are quoted at 103¼ bid, 103½ asked. For East St. Louis & Suburban 5s 100¼ is bid. For St. Louis Brewing 6s 99¾ is bid, 100¼ asked. For Merchants Bridge & Terminal Ry. 5s 114½ is bid, 115¾ asked. For Kinloch 6s 106½ is bid; none offered at this time.

The last sale of Missouri-Lincoln Trust was made at 132. Last Saturday, the stock suffered a sharp break of about 10 points on the announcement of the organization of the Lincoln Trust & Title Co. At first, there were misgivings about this report, which arose chiefly from the fact that several parties prominently connected with the Missouri Trust Co., will also be identified with the new concern. Of course, there was no reason for such reckless selling. After dropping to 125, the stock experienced a sharp rally on Monday.

The Lincoln Title & Trust Co. will have a capital stock of \$1,500,000. A sale of five shares of Boatmen's Bank stock was made at 252. For Mechanics National Bank 287 is asked; for Merchants Laclede 304 is bid; for State National 193 is asked, for Third National 316½ is asked. For Title Guaranty Trust 62½ is bid; none offering.

For Central Coal & Coke preferred 70 is bid, 72 asked; 135 shares of the common sold at 63¾. For St. Louis Catering preferred 61 is bid. There is quite a little bullish feeling in certain circles on Catering shares.

The St. Louis Cotton Compress Co. has made announcement that dividend payments would be resumed next July, the rate to be semi-annual at the rate of 5 per cent. This will be the first dividend since 1894, when 3 per cent.

was paid on the stock. The company is capitalized at \$1,500,000. The stock is now quoted at 54 bid, after selling, last week, at 5.

A good volume of business is reported by the local banks. Interest rates remain firm at 4 to 5½ per cent. for time and call loans. Sterling is quoted at \$4.87¾, an advance of about ½ over a week ago. For exchange on New York a premium of 45 cents is asked, and 40 bid.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Old Subscriber.—Protect yourself with a stop order. Don't let your profits get away from you. The stock acts suspiciously. There must be any number of "wash" sales.

G. F., La Porte, Ind.—New York Central selling at a good figure. Would not care to recommend purchases at present prices. Stock pays only 5 per cent. Pennsylvania certainly looks cheaper, even to the wayfaring fool.

B. R., E., Atchison, Kan.—Southern Pacific collateral Trust 4's a good investment, but not very tempting at 95½. Would prefer Rock Island collateral 5's at about the same price.

X. X. X.—Yes, would hold State National. Expect it to go considerably higher in due time. Would not be surprised at a further decline in United Railways common.

J. F. W., Ft. Worth, Tex.—Think well of Japanese 6's at price mentioned. Offer a good, handsome yield on investment. They are much more tempting than United States Steel 5's.

A ST. LOUIS FIRM'S PROGRESS

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

STREET CAR ETIQUETTE.

Editor THE MIRROR:

It is curious and interesting to note the difference between rapid transit etiquette before and after 6 o'clock. Up to 6 o'clock at night the man who surrenders his seat in a car to a woman is the exception; after 6 o'clock, he is the rule. Before 6 o'clock a man regards a woman as a competitor and rather strenuous rival for business, and also for car seats. After 6 o'clock, in her furs and furbelows, she is a lady, and the man in opera hat and dress clothes is a gentleman. How quickly the hat is lifted, and with what an inviting smile the seat is surrendered after 6 o'clock by the same man who before 6 o'clock steadily peruses his paper or stares stolidly in front of him, while women tip and teeter in the aisles. "What a difference do a few hours make." What a greater difference do a few clothes make. Dress makes the "gentleman," even if it doesn't make the man. REGINA.

WOMAN'S HATS—A PROTEST.

Editor THE MIRROR:

I think it time some protest were made against the abnormally ugly hats the women are wearing this winter. They not only offend the eye of the observer, but they render really beautiful women ugly and do not at all enhance the appearance of the homely. Not long ago I had occasion to accompany several ladies on a shopping tour. They all wished to buy hats. Believe me, there was not in the several stores we visited a single hat that suited either the features or the tastes of any of these ladies. The result—each had to be satisfied with a "confection" the inharmonious aspects of which are impervious to anything but fire or an ax. One naturally wonders why or how such freakish, inartistic styles could be forced upon an up-to-date milliner, no matter how faint is the sense of the beautiful within him. The shapes and materials to me are suggestive of the handiwork of old maids—and there are many of them in the forefront of the millinery business.

I don't know of any better place to view these millinery "nightmares" than the theater. Only recently at a fashionable matinee gathering I observed a whole parquet full of these coal-scuttle, waste-basket, scoop-shovel effects perched at all angles on the heads of the wearers.

A glance at three or four near-by hats in a recent elegant audience revealed several striking results of the prevailing freakish styles. Here directly in front was a crisp, fresh-looking early winter hat in cinnamon brown, high crowned and round, made all over the many folds of brown chiffon, piped at intervals with orange velvet, and crowned on the left side front with a bright orange rose and vivid green leaves. The wandering eye, seeking rest, encountered a blue green, iridescent monstrosity, brilliant, eccentric in outline, overloaded with fluttering white feathers. In range, also, were two hats of

the more commonplace, small bandbox type, built up round and solidly heavy; one in blue, the other in gray, both excessively ugly. Turning back to the right, a surprising white hat smote the vision—an airy shape—vastly unbecoming to the wearer's large-nosed contour of face—adorned with pink roses in front and bristling aigrettes at the back.

The whole display was simply, fiercely inartistic, and suggested to me that almost any kindergarten pupil could make a better effort at millinery creation. About the only hat in the bunch deserving of praise was that worn by a Frenchwoman of beauty and wealth, and it may have been two years or three years old, but it had the stamp of common sense in its shape and trimming, and what's more, it was becoming to her and was made of the best materials in the plain black.

And another thing—these freak millinery styles are ruining women's hair—her crowning glory—and making her look hideous. Instead of the hair being dressed with some consideration for the natural tendency of its growth, it is now twisted, curled and yanked into all sorts of unnatural positions. I would like to see women awakened to a realization of what the milliners and hair-dressers are doing to them. At least I would, as a lover of beauty, rejoice to see them exercise more judgment in the selection of their hats. A plain sailor would be far more becoming than the present "dreams" to most of them.

OBSERVER.

NOW WILL WE BE GOOD?

St. Louis, January 3, 1904.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

What's all this nonsense about Francis, Wells, Tansey, Schroers, "Freddy" Judson, Murray Carleton or Wade (the man who on the witness stand swore he did the business for the Transit Company) for Mayor in April?

Why don't they propose Sam Priest? He's the real thing.

How! How could any of these "fellows" be elected with "Honest" Jim Blair (a suicide) in his grave, "Honest" Tom Barrett in the penitentiary, "Honest" Ed Butler sulking in his tent (after stealing elections for thirty years), and Harry Hawes "a dead one"?

"Holy" Tom McPheeters, "The Protestant Father Confessor," occupying his time telling how "Mrs. Blair was it" and trying to prove a thief, a liar, a forger, and a suicide, "Jim" Blair was an honest man! Not a hypocrite! Not a scoundrel! Not supercilious when speaking of (Blair's) pretended virtue. "Tom," you're on the wrong "tack," try something else for a subject besides Blair, his name and fame are the most contemptible any creature parading as a man ever had in this city.

Now Mr. Reidy tell the honest hard-working people who are "kicking" about why their rent has not come down since the "fair" and is not very likely to for many years the reason.

"The World's Fair Crowd" (according to every newspaper in St. Louis) handed Ed Butler, and his lieutenants



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Tom Barrett & others (they didn't say what Hawes got, presumably all the city appointments) \$15,000 to "carry" the City and pass \$6,000,000 worth of so-called Charter Amendments.

Everybody know how Ed Butler, Tom Barrett, Harry Hawes and the Nesbit law carry elections.

The honest Tax Payers of St. Louis (and not the millionaires) are paying and will have to pay both the Interest and the Principal on that \$6,000,000 worth of bonded indebtedness passed by thievery and that's why the rents don't or will not come down.

It is a notorious fact that in St. Louis city conventions Mr. "Frenzied Financier" nominates the successful candidate for President of the Board of Assessors and City Collector of the Revenue.

Of course Mr. "Frenzied Financier" and his "Gang" pay their just taxes for the next Four Years? Of course they do—nit.

I remember (I shall never forget) all about that \$4102, when it should have been \$50,000.

A diabolical plot is "now on" to steal through another \$9,000,000 worth of Charter Amendments (bonded indebt-

edness) through "crooked" cheating Election Laws.

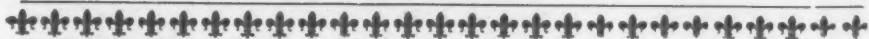
When Mr. Honest "House Renter" votes for Millions of Dollars for Charter Amendments to be paid for by his Landlord, He votes for higher rents for himself every time, and He ought to know it.

Well all the City officers from Mayor down to the House of Delegates are to be stolen again, if such a disgraceful "business" is still possible. Will the Honest Tax-Payers and Honest Renters "stand for" such a terrible outrage?

Mr. Reidy I have a plan regarding those \$9,000,000 worth of Charter Amendments, let us (they City of St. Louis) ask Mr. Carnegie for them as not one of that "Frenzied Finance Bunch" will ever give one cent for anything, they don't give, they take! (no matter how) "Honest" Jim Campbell, his attorney Lionberger, "Honest" John Scullin, Henry T. Kent, together with "Charley" Turner, "Phil" Stock and Julius Walsh & Wm. H. Lee, would like "little Rolly" Wells again, so would Jim Blair if he were alive, but The People, never!

Respectfully,
ANDREW J. PRESTON.

P. S. We will yet meet some of these people at Phillipe and what we will do to them will suffice, this is not a physical threat.



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